LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

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FALL OF ANTWERP.

BRITISH FORCE TO THE RESCUE

OF THE BELGIANS.

Remarkable rejoicings are taking place in Germany over the fall of Antwerp.

It is looked upon as marking the beginning of the end.

According to a communique issued by the German headquarters the city has been in possession of the Germans since midday on Friday. The city is now in flames after undergoing a violent bombardment.

Thirty-two German merchant vessels and twenty Rhine steamers lying in the harbour are said by the Germans to have been blown up at the instance of the British Government.

A British naval brigade and Marines with heavy guns participated in the defence of Antwerp during the last week of the attack. The loss of the brigade is probably less than 300 men out of a total force of 8000. The Naval Brigade and Marines fought with magnificent gallantry. Part of the force was obliged to enter Holland, where they laid down their arms, in accordance with the rules of warfare.

The retreat of the naval division and of the Belgian Army, from Ghent onwards, is being covered by British reinforcements.

The battle of the Rivers continues under satisfactory conditions for the Allies.

In spite of violent attacks by the enemy the fighting front has been maintained.

On the left wing, between La Bassec, Armentieres, and Cassel, the fighting between the opposing cavalry has been somewhat confused owing to the nature of the ground.

To the north of the Oise, and in the region of St Mihiel, the Allies have gained the advantage, and made appreciable progress.

The Press Bureau, continuing the narrative of an eye-witness present with the general headquarters, says three separate duels in the air took place between French and German aviators. Two of the struggles were indecisive. In the third the French airmen were victorious.

The report of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry into the murder, pillage, and looting in that country by the Germans shows that the outrages have been methodically organised, orders being issued by superior authorities. In ditches along the roads are the dead bodies of women and children murdered by the Germans. Many corpses have been thrown into the wells, contaminating the water. At the sack of Louvain twenty citizens were executed. Afterwards old men, women, and children, sick people, lunatics, priests, and nuns were brutally driven like cattle along the roads. Many died. Others were shot dead. Thirteen priests were shot in a pig stye.

The Russians continue their forward movement in East Prussia, and have occupied Lyck and the town of Margrabova. The Austrian Government is preparing to move to Innsbruck. The siege of Przemysl continues favourable to the Russians, who have taken one of the forts of the principal line. The Russians have also seized the defiles and passes of the Carpathians, and are threatening to invade Hungary.

Reinforcements for the German Eastern front are being hurried through by train and sea.

Alarming news comes from Macedonia. Fugitives are arriving in hundreds daily on Bulgarian territory. It is said that the Greek and Servian authorities, fearing a revolt, are spreading a reign of terror in the country.

Berlin expects Portugal to declare war on Germany at any moment.

BRITISH NAVAL BRIGADE HELPS BELGIANS

TO DEFEND ANTWERP AGAINST GERMANS,

BUT PART OF FORCE IS CUT OFF IN RETREAT.

Antwerp has been evacuated by the Belgian forces.

This was the official announcement made by our War Office yesterday.

The evacuation took place on Friday.

The Germans entered Antwerp through the suburb of Berchem.

The General Staff in Berlin publishes the following message from the great headquarters, dated yesterday, and timed 11 a.m.—

The entire Fortress of Antwerp, including all the forts, is in our possession.

Persons arriving at Ternenzin from Selzaete confirm the report that the Germans have crossed the River Scheldt. Antwerp is now almost completely in flames.

The bombardment during Thursday night was more violent.

The plight of the Belgians is frightful. Thousands of refugees who have had to leave their homes, including old men and women, lie by the roadside.

There is a general exodus from the towns and villages. Railway travel is no longer possible.

There is a panic among the population at Antwerp, where several streets had been destroyed by the bombardment, and the oil tanks are burning.

During the bombardment of the city some shells exploded on the roof of the prison.

The warders at once liberated the prisoners and left the prison. It is reported that the Cathedral has been bombarded and seriously damaged.

Stuwenberg hospital, where hundreds of the wounded are being nursed, was hit by two bombs. All the wounded have been removed to ships. The Palace de Justice has been partly burnt down.

52 VESSELS BLOWN UP IN HARBOUR

At Order of British Government.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Rotterdam telegram to the German paper Rheinisch Westfaelishche Zeitung says thirty-two German merchant vessels and twenty Rhine steamers were blown up in the port of Antwerp at the instance of the British Government.—P.A. War Special.

WAY BETWEEN GHENT AND SEA

IS STILL FREE OF GERMANS.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf reports from Slais that yesterday afternoon at two o'clock the Germans marched through Berchem into Antwerp.

The way between Ghent and the sea is still free of Germans.

The majority of the inhabitants of Antwerp and the surrounding districts and country have fled to the Netherlands.—Reuter

BOMBS DROPPED ON GHENT.

Ostend, Saturday.

A Taube aeroplane flew over Ghent last night, and threw two bombs, which, however, did not explode.—Reuter.

400,000 GERMANS IN ANTWERP.

A Belgian staff officer in an interview stated that when the Germans reached the glacis of the fort the Belgian guns and quick-firers burst out into a sheet of flame, and the attack was repulsed leaving 8000 Germans lying on the slopes round the fort.

All this time the commander was in the ammunition magazine of the fort ready to light a fuse if the resistance of the defenders was overcome.

Finally the position became untenable as a result of the German fire with 180 lbs. melinite shells.

The commander then blew up the fort and all its minor redoubts and works.

The Belgian Army says this General, is not in Antwerp, but preserves its mobility outside. The Belgians consider that 400,000 Germans are in Belgium.

BELGIANS' QUEEN ARRIVES IN BRITAIN.

London, Sunday Morning.

The Queen of the Belgians (states a C.N. message) is reported to have arrived at Folkstone from Dunkirk.

The Queen has proceeded to London.

OUR "HANDY MEN"

TAKE PART IN DEFENCE OF ANTWERP.

300 FALL OUT OF A FORCE 8000 STRONG.

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement in a War Press Bureau communique:—

In response to an appeal by the Belgian Government a Marine Brigade and two naval brigades, together with some heavy naval guns and a detachment of the Royal Navy, the whole, under the command of General Paris, R.N.A., were sent by His Majesty's Government to participate in the defence of Antwerp during the last week of the attack upon it.

Up to the night of 5th October the Belgian Army and the Marine Brigade successfully defended the line of the Nethe River, but early on Tuesday morning the Belgian force, on the right of the Marin s, were forced by the heavy German attack, covered by very powerful artillery to retire, and in consequence the whole of the defence was withdrawn to the inner line of forts, the interval between which had been strongly fortified.

The ground which had been lost enabled the enemy to flank his batteries to bombard the city.

Good Work By Naval Brigade.

The inner line of forts was maintained from Wednesday and Thursday, while the city endured a ruthless bombardment.

The behaviour of the Royal Marines and Naval Brigade in the trenches in the field was praiseworthy in a high degree, remarkable in units so newly formed.

Owing to the protection of the entrenchments, the losses, in spite of the severity of the fire, are probably less than three hundred, out of a total force of eight thousand.

The defence could have been maintained for a longer period, but not long enough to allow of adequate forces being sent for their relief, without prejudice to the strategic situation.

The enemy also began on Thursday to press strongly on the line of communication near Lokeren.

Determined Stand.

The Belgian Forces defending this point fought with great determination, but were gradually pressed back by numbers. Under the circumstances the Belgian and British military authorities in Antwerp evacuated the city.

The British offered to cover the retreat, but General De Guise desired that they should leave before the last Division of the Belgian Army. After a long night march to St Gilles the three Naval Brigades entrained.

Brigade Cut Off.

Two out of three have arrived safely at Ostend, but owing to circumstances which are not yet known a great part of the First Naval Brigade was cut off by the German attack north of Lockeren, and 2000 officers and men entered Dutch territory in the neighbourhood of Bulsla, and laid down their arms in accordance with the laws of neutrality The retreat of the Belgian Army has been successfully accomplished.

The naval armoured trains and heavy guns were all brought away.

The naval aviators, having completed the attack on Dusseldorf and Cologne, already reported, have returned safely to the base protected by his armoured car.

The retreat from Ghent and onwards of the Naval Division and of the Belgian Army was covered by strong British reinforcements.

Vast numbers of the non-combatant population of Antwerp—men, women, and children—are streaming in flight in scores of thousands westwards from the ruins of their burned city.

GLASGOW MAN TELLS THRILLING STORY

OF ESCAPE FROM ANTWERP.

A graphic story of the bombardment of Antwerp was told by Mr J. Grant Marshall, a London press photographer, who was among the last of the fugitives to leave the beleaguered city.

Mr Marshall for several years worked in Glasgow before going to London, and his relatives in Scotland will be glad to learn that he has arrived safely in Rotterdam. He left Antwerp as houses were blazing and shells bursting everywhere.

The bombardment opened with dramatic suddenness. Midnight had just struck when the first shell boomed into the town, bursting in the south. The dark, empty streets suddenly became alive with people. Cries of children mingled with those of shrill, terrified screams of women. People flocked panic-stricken in every direction. They had no fixed destination, and their fear was pitiable.

There was a lull after the first shell. Then, a quarter of an hour later, the booming of big guns began on a huge scale, each shot being followed by the weird, long-drawn-out din of the flying projectiles, and then the final explosion, most fearsome of all.

Fires broke out, and the air was vividly lighted up in parts, this intensifying the inky darkness of other spots.

Advice to Leave.

A hundred yards from the Queen's Hotel, in the direction of the Pontoon Bridge, a fourth shell burst in the roadway. Mr Marshall went away to fetch his belongings, but the bombardment became so fierce that nothing could be accomplished but continual dashes into cellars.

From now until dawn the terrifying bombardment proceeded. There was again a respite of two hours.

At seven o'clock, however, the firing recommenced more fiercely than ever, and about nine o'clock Mr Marshall and two London correspondents were advised by the military commandant to leave the city without further delay. They abandoned their belongings, and proceeded on foot to the Dutch frontier.

The last boat having left other exits from the town were impossible.

All the while shells were falling chiefly around the Palais de Justice, the pontoon bridge, and the famous railway station.

Mr Marshall saw a petroleum tank blazing, and fires increasing in the town generally. Buildings were heard crashing to pieces.

Londoners, to conceive the scene in the streets, must visualise the roads leading to Hampstead Heath on Bank Holidays, with the difference that the gay crowds had become tragic processions, in which cripples were carried and sick hobbled amid thousands of weeping women and children, while some pushed barrows.

Half-Dressed Fugitives.

Most were flying with merely the clothes on their bodies, and many were only half-dressed.

Servant maids were seen just as they had prepared themselves for the day's work. Several, pushing their mistresses' barrows, were tragically adorned with muslin caps.

Every now and then little groups of weeping women halted to look back upon the scene where they had left sons and husbands and lovers fighting in the trenches.

Swift progress soon became impossible, the crowds were so dense. They moved sometimes like a queue at a theatre. Sewing machines and babies were piled upon bicycles and pushed. Every few minutes fainting women were carried out of the crowd until they had revived and were able to go on.

The last trains were about to leave two miles from the town. People were seated on the footboards, the roofs, and the hat racks, even on top of the coal in the tender of the engine.

Every time the shells whistled overhead a long tremor passed through the crowd. Women clasped their babies tighter, and hurried on away from the city of death.

A Weary Tramp.

All day long the people tramped. The sun poured down, but so great was the dust that the army of people could hardly be seen.

When night fell they had not yet reached the Dutch frontier, and in the growing darkness the burning town began to glow like some great ironworks, over which the bursting shells spread thousands of shooting stars.

The front of the great exodus was some twenty miles from the last line, and all night this tragic, defenceless army marched.

In Holland the fugitives experienced the most striking sympathy. People advanced from the gloom of villages with kindly words, and offered milk and food. Dutch soldiers carried babies, and helped the old women and the infirm.

In the sympathy and kindness of the Dutch many of the poor Belgians forgot for a time their sufferings, and the relief seen in their faces when they realised they were at last safe from the Germans was one of the most memorable pictures of that wonderful panorama of tragedy.

GERMAN CASUALTIES IN RUSSIA.

The forty-second list of German casualties number for Prussia alone 1535 officers killed, not including those who have succumbed to their wounds.

FLIGHT FROM DOOMED CITY.

LUNATICS ROAM AT LARGE.

HALF A MILLION PEOPLE HOMELESS.

Rotterdam, Saturday.

Since yesterday morning half of the towns of Holland seem to have doubled their population.

Over half-a-million persons, chiefly women and children, have poured over the Dutch borders.

Before the majority had got out of earshot the huge German guns were already smashing Antwerp behind them.

This flight of a wronged and persecuted people is one of the saddest things in history, and the scenes associated with it bring tears to the eyes of the most callous. Every station in Holland is a little city of sorrow.

Mothers sit upon benches in the cold, giving their babies the only food they have to give. Children stream everywhere over the cobbles, wandering and desolate.

Men gaze hour after hour at the bulletins in the shop windows, which tell them of the progress of Antwerp's destruction.

The humblest homes offered are readily accepted, and most of the families in Holland are opening their doors with noble charity to shelter the homeless.

Trains, boats, and barges pour into every town. They have come without intermission for the past twenty-four hours, and there is no sign of stopping.

Lunatics at Large.

One of the most pathetic facts is the flight of a large body of lunatics escaped from an asylum. Many are now roaming the country and creating fear and disorder. The Dutch Government has issued a warning to people not to be hasty in dealing with strange persons who are likely to be lunatics. Sixty of them arrived at Eindhaven last night in the care of monks.

Railway companies and many bodies are carrying fugitives free of cost. Funds have been opened, and the Holland-Amerika Line is giving shelter to about 1000 here. Everywhere the reception of the fugitives is marked by the utmost sympathy.

Last night a huge crowd in Rotterdam groaned and hissed with hatred at the sight of two German sergeant-majors who were being taken to an internment camp. At the various stations Dutch soldiers are feeding refugees from baskets of bread and meat.

Oil Emptied Into Sea.

All the fugitives have pathetic stories to tell. Some laugh and cry hysterically at the relief of being at last away from the sound of German guns. Most of them did not sleep during their last night in Antwerp. The petroleum tanks, which are said to be the largest in Europe, were attacked, and one blazed furiously. This disaster, contemplated before the attack on the town, decided the authorities to run the contents of the other tanks into the sea. A railway employee was met in Holland carrying to safety huge sacks of money from A[illegible] Central Station, all the banks being emp[illegible]

GERMAN VIEW OF SITUATION.

SCENES OF REJOICING.

Rome, Saturday.

The fall of Antwerp caused unprecedented enthusiasm throughout Germany, the general opinion being that it marks the beginning of the end.

Everywhere there were signs of great rejoicing. Flags have been hoisted, and demonstrations are parading the streets of the chief cities acclaiming the army.

Many wounded have been transported from Belgium to hospitals in Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, and Dusseldorf, and were received with enthusiasm. They were covered with flowers, and given all kinds of presents.—Reuter.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Berlin messages state the Vossische Zeitung attributes the fall of Antwerp entirely to the superiority of the German artillery.

The Deutsche Tageszeitung says the fall of Antwerp proves it is only necessary to break down a large section of even the most extended fortresses in order to render the remaining parts untenable.

The capture of Antwerp in eleven days carries the germ of the capture of Paris. The fall of Antwerp not only means the Belgian overthrow, but is a most serious blow to Britain.—P.A. War Special.

VIOLENT DENUNCIATION OF BRITAIN.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Berliner Tageblatt makes the fall of take their lunch, and their reports of the situa- Britain.

The paper says: — Behind the Belgian defenders stood Britain, one may say, with whip in hand.

When the thought rose in Belgian hearts to avoid useless destruction by capitulating, Britannia pronounced her veto, and all were obliged to obey the King.

This is the reason why a town so full of lives and industry is severely damaged, and one day the malediction of thousands will fall on the seducers across the Channel.—Reuter.

BELGIAN MINISTER SEES ASQUITH.

Mr Asquith left 10 Downing Street yesterday afternoon to motor to the country for the week-end.

Prior to his departure the Premier was visited by the Lord Chief Justice, and also by Mr Winston Churchill, the latter having already made a call upon Lord Kitchener at the War Office.

The Belgian Minister made a prolonged stay at the Foreign Office yesterday afternoon.

The Russian and Italian Ambassadors and the Portuguese and Belgian Ministers were among the callers at the Foreign Office last evening. The last-named diplomat had made a call and prolonged stay early in the day.

PORTUGAL TO GO TO WAR.

BERLIN PREPARES FOR A DECLARATION.

Rotterdam, Saturday.

A message from Berlin says that at any moment there is expected from Portugal a declaration of war upon Germany.

What effect will the participation of Portugal have on the war against the Teutons?

On a peace footing Portugal's military strength is 33,000 men, the system being that of conscription, with a continuous service of three years. On a war footing, however, Portugal is more formidable, and 150,000 trained troops would answer the mobilisation.

Portugal's military expenditure looks a mere fleabite compared with the enormous sums which the Great Powers are obliged to spend on their armies, the total reaching only about two millions per annum.

ALLIES MAKE PROGRESS IN RIVERS' BATTLE.

FRENCH AVIATORS WIN AIR DUELS.

FINE WORK BY BRITISH MAXIMS.

An official communique issued this afternoon says:—

The battle continues under satisfactory conditions.

Our whole fighting front has been maintained, in spite of violent attacks by the enemy at several points.

On our left wing the region comprised between La Bassec, Armentieres, and Cassel, fighting has occurred between the opposing cavalry, but it is somewhat confused owing to the nature of the ground.

To the north of the Oise our troops have secured a real advantage in several parts of their zone of action.

In the St Mihiel region we have made appreciable progress.

It is announced that Antwerp was taken yesterday, but nothing is yet known how the city fell into the hands of the enemy.

Heavy fighting continues on the East Prussia frontier, where the Russian troops had partial successes, and have occupied Lyck.

The siege of Przemysl is proceeding under conditions favourable to the Russians, who have stormed and captured one of the forts of the principal line.

BRITISH CAVALRY IN THE TRENCHES.

General Allenby Gets Rifles and Bayonets For His Men.

The days are beautifully bright with sunshine that is as warm as any October sun can be, and the nights, though very cold, are dry. Moreover, the spirit of the British Army has been improving if possible, by the time spent in the comparative rest of the sheltered positions along the Aisne.

Their losses there have been naturally much less than they had been in the open engagements during their retreat of Mons and at the battle of the Marne when they turned the enemy's advance into retirement.

Indeed, so much time has the cavalry on its hand that they get bored with their leisure, and have carried on a little agitation to be sent to the trenches. When the request was granted they found their carbines were not much good for this new kind of work, especially when a rush forward was made with the bayonet against the enemy's entrenchments, for they had left their swords and their horses.

General Allenby then wrote down to the base for rifles and bayonets to be sent up for them, and a third of the cavalry were armed like infantry. They were to keep their new weapons.

It would be odd if the institution of mounted infantry, started in South Africa and afterwards abandoned, were to take another lease of life from such curious conditions as the trenches on the Aisne.

HOW GERMANY'S FORCES ARE DISTRIBUTED.

From reliable information I am able to give the strength of the German's forces as at present engaged.

They consist of 54 army corps of first line troops and 27 corps of reserves—a total of about 2,200,000 men. These forces are distributed as follows:—

France—Twenty-four army corps.
Belgium—Six army corps
Thorn, Cracow—Eleven army corps.
East Prussia—Thirteen army corps.

In addition there are one million and a quarter Territorials garrisoned in Germany, and 500,000 recruits expected to be fully trained by November.

PRINCE ARTHUR IN THE FIRING LINE.

Mr Frank Hedges Butler, of the firm of Hedges & Butler, wine merchants, Regent Street, London, arrived in Reims in time to experience the bombardment of that city.

He returned to London yesterday, and said that when all was quiet and the majority of the townspeople had taken to flight, he ascended to the top of the Cathedral, and there found telephones, electric lights, and beds which had been used by the Germans, whilst strewn all round were innumerable empty champagne bottles.

Every day the British staff officers, amongst whom was Prince Arthur of Connaught, used to go into the town from the firing line and take their lunch, and their report of the situation were all of a highly satisfactory character.

Prince Arthur was in the best of health and spirits, and paid a visit to the cellars to see if any damage had been done to the stocks of wine there.

YOU ARE RESPONDING NOBLY,

Lord Haldane Tells Tyne Men.

Viscount Haldane visited Newcastle yesterday to fulfil several engagements, the most important of which was to address two recruiting meetings.

Accompanied by the Lord Mayor, he inspected the Newcastle Commercial Battalion of Northumberland Fusiliers. After the inspection he told the men:—

Your country needs you, and you are responding nobly. The spirit of the nation is everything that could be desired, and with that spirit and the resources we possess we shall go to victory.

Viscount Haldane said our honour compelled us to engage in this war. The struggle was now beginning under less advantageous circumstances to Germany than was the case two months ago. It was our duty to set our teeth and stick out, and our task would be accomplished with the certainty of success. With courage and good faith all would be well.

A great scene of enthusiasm was manifested at the speech of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the distinguished Belgium dramatist, who said Belgium had kept its pledge, and died for it. (Shouts of "Never.")

"TREATED US AS INTIMATE FRIENDS."

WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND THE KING.

Their Majesties' Sympathetic Interest.

The King and Queen, in continuation of the series of visits to sick and wounded soldiers, made a call yesterday afternoon at St Mark's College, Chelsea, which is now fitted up as the Second London General (Military) Hospital.

Their Majesties spent a couple of hours amongst the sick and wounded, chatting in a friendly and informal way with the patients, hearing stories of experiences in the field, and generally showing their solicitude for the sufferers.

The King wore the khaki uniform of a Field-Marshal.

Their Majesties, who were accompanied by Prince Albert, learned that there were 520 beds in the main hospital, 200 more at the St Thomas hospital section, and 40 at the Great Northern section, 750 in all. The number of patients up to date numbers just under 900, and the Royal visitors heard with much satisfaction that not a single death had occurred, although some of the wounds sustained had been exceedingly serious.

All who were able to do so stood at attention as the King and Queen entered the respective wards, and as they left the senior soldier in each ward called for three cheers for the King and Queen, to which a hearty response was given.

Both the King and Queen asked a variety of questions of the patients, and as one of them expressed it, "treated as generally as though they were intimate friends."

Several in their turn questioned the King, and were pleased to get the latest tidings of their leaders.

One big Guardsman admiringly declared afterwards that His Majesty "seemed to carry the blinking army list in his head, so far as our officers are concerned."

Their Majesties have now seen practically every sort of topical case from the front.

MORE MEN FOR GENERAL BOTHA.

Why Rhodesia's Offer is Accepted.

Salisbury, Saturday.

The South African Union Government's acceptance of the Rhodesian offer of a contingent of five hundred men was couched in the following terms:—

"Although the response in the Union to the call for volunteers has been so great that the required number could without difficulty be found from the Union, the Ministers are anxious that South Africans should co-operate in the operations against German South-West Africa.

"For that reason the Ministers most heartily welcome the offer of the Rhodesian Administration to co-operate, being assured that such co-operation will create the best possible feeling in all parts of South Africa."

REIGN OF TERROR IN MACEDONIA.

COUNTRY LAID WASTE.

BULGARIANS ARE BEING VICTIMISED.

Sofia, Saturday.

The following semi-official statement is issued here:—

News from Macedonia, both Servian as well as Greek, is more and more alarming.

Information received from that unfortunate country depicts in painful fashion the martyrdom endured by the Bulgarian population through Greek and Servian persecution.

Fugitives are arriving in hundreds daily on Bulgarian territory to seek refuge there. Mussulmans are not treated any better.

The Turkish Consul-General in Salonika recently submitted to M. Soloulis, the governor, a detailed account of the excesses committed on the Mussulman population in the districts of Drama, Serres, and elsewhere.

The Greek and Servian authorities, fearing a revolt, are spreading a reign of terror in the country, and are resorting to measures of the most arbitrary kind.

Villages are visited by military detachments, and pillaged, while the chief inhabitants are taken away, and either put to death or exiled.

Certain places and towns are surrounded by troops, who pillage and make wholesale arrests, and, in fact, the entire country has been laid to waste, probably because the authorities feel that they will not remain masters of this province, and the oppressors wish to transform it into a vast desert.

This news has an irritating effect upon public opinion, which does not understand why Bulgarians should be subjected to a regime of extermination at the precise moment when Servia and Greece are giving assurances of friendship to Bulgaria.—Reuter.

RED CROSS PARTY REMOVED FROM BRUSSELS.

Four-Day Journey Through Germany.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

A party of seventeen doctors and 120 Red Cross and St John Ambulance nurses, under the charge of Dr Wyatt, have arrived here from Brussels, after travelling for nearly four days.

The Germans, it appears, decided there was no further need for them, and deported them via Cologne, Osnaburgch, Hamburg, and Kiel.

Though naturally extremely tired, the members of the party had no complaints to make regarding the treatment on their journey.

The future movements of the party are at present unknown. If they had been going home a shorter route would have been through Holland.

BELGIAN REFUGEES AT NOTTINGHAM.

Much is being accomplished in Nottingham for the relief of Belgian refugees, of whom a further contingent arrived in the city yesterday, including several artisan families from Mechlin, who took five weeks in getting from that place to Ostend.

Many private residences are entertaining the unfortunate sufferers, whilst in other cases representative committees have been formed to undertake the work on an official basis.

Several empty houses have been transferred to them for the purpose, and these have been suitably furished in most cases.

The unhappy visitors are practically devoid of means, and in addition to food and accommodation small monetary allowances are being provided.

ADMIRALTY BOAT BLOWS UP.

OFFICER HURLED OVERBOARD BY EXPLOSION.

Cowes, Saturday Night.

A large motor boat engaged in Admiralty transport service caught fire off Cowes Fountain Pier last night.

A loud explosion was heard, followed by flames starting up in the boat. There was a crew of four on board, consisting of Lieutenant Say Sub-Lieutenant Houghton, one petty officer, and one boatman, all of whom had narrow escapes from serious injury.

The force of the explosion threw Sub-Lieutenant Houghton overboard, but he was a good swimmer, and was picked up by a boat.

The flames were eventually extinguished, but serious damage was done to the boat.

Lieutenant Say was slightly burned about the face. The affair caused a great sensation at Cowes.

GERMAN TROOPS RUSHED

TO EASTERN FRONT

TO CONTEST RUSSIAN ADVANCE.

Rome, Saturday.

News from Germany says reinforcements for German Eastern front are being hurried through not only by train, but also by sea, from Stettin, Stralsund, Danzig, and all available ports in the Baltic.—Reuter.

Paris, Saturday.

A Petrograd message announces that the Russians have seized defiles and passes of the Carpathians, and are threatening to invade Hungary.

The Austrian forces are now being transported rapidly into Hungary with a view to impeding the forward march of the Russians.

The remainder of the Austrian Army, whose left wing overlaps the Germans, continues to concentrate before Cracow, where a general battle is said to be in progress.

The Matin's Petrograd correspondent states that the Russians have occupied the Prussian town of Margrabova.

The newspapers state that the Austrian Government is preparing to move to Innsbruck. They also report numerous defections in the garrison of Cattaro.—P.A. War Special.

RUSSIANS CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

A communique published here says that at the present moment it is opportune to recall that the chief of the general staff when relating events surrounding the battle of Galicia gave a fairly detailed account of the strategic development of the Russian Armies on the Austrian front.

The Battle of Galicia, which considerably weakened the Austrian Army, and forced it into prolonged retreat, compelled the Germans to send the greater part of their forces to the eastern front to help the Austrians, and created quite a new state of affairs, which, without question, induced us to take corresponding steps. The special importance will easily be understood of keeping secret as long as possible the recent developments of the Russian Armies on the eve of great events that are to come.

To these circumstances must apparently be attributed the brevity and scarcity of the official communications regarding the present situation in Galicia and on the left bank of the Vistula.

If this conjecture prove correct public opinion will presently be bound as during the first weeks of the war to put up with lack of details in official communications, having confidence in ultimate success, and must await the time when it will be possible without revealing military secrets to lift the veil which must necessarily always conceal the first phases of newly-conceived military movements.—P.A. War Special.

SERVIAN ATTEMPTS TO RECAPTURE STRATEGIC POSITIONS FAIL.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Vienna Suedslavische Korrespondenz learns from Essegh that according to reports from the frontier the fighting in Servia continues to south-east of Krupanj.

In spite of the great bravery displayed by the Servians, all attempts to recapture strategically important positions occupied by the Austrians are stated to have been frustrated.

It is reported the Servian attacks have been repulsed with great Servian losses during the last few days.

Austrian account say the Servians have suffered terribly.—P.A. War Special.

Rome, Saturday.

The Scutari correspondent of the Corriere d'Italia telegraphs—An Austrian Division, while attempting to reach Sarajevo with a train of provisions, was surrounded by Montenegrins and defeated. The train was captured.—C.N.

NORTH SEA MYSTERY.

SHIP'S LIFEBOATS PICKED UP.

News was brought to Withernsea yesterday morning by a workman from Spurn that three ship's lifeboats had been picked up there yesterday morning, two in the channel, and one beached a mile and a half north.

The boats were painted white, with a brown streak at the top, and were fitted with oars and sail. They bore no name.

At an early hour the Easington lifeboats were called out to a ship showing a danger flare.

RACING IN AUSTRALIA.

Caulfield, Victoria, Saturday.

The Caulfield Guineas was run here to-day and resulted as follows:—1 Blaque, 2 Burrabadeen, 3 Newbury. Betting—3 to 1 against Blaque.—Reuter.

ARTILLERY DUELS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

A communique issued by the Great Headquarters says:—

Yesterday the fighting on the East Prussian front continued with the same obstinacy. The German troops, as they fell back from Lyck, blew up the bridge.

In some places between Ivangorod and Sandomir there have been artillery duels with the enemy who approached the Vistula.—P.A. War Special.

SHARP GERMAN ATTACKS ON ALLIES.

Paris, Saturday Night.

Information received this evening from the General Staff reports an attack between two cavalry forces to the south-west of Lille, and a violent action to the south, the east, and north of Arras, and also very sharp attacks by the enemy on the heights of the Meuse.

Why Antwerp Was Evacuated.

Although no official announcement has been made, the probability is that the Belgian garrison evacuated the fortifications with a view, no doubt, to joining hands with the Belgian field army, somewhere in the St Nicholas-Ghent neighbourhood.

A portion of this army was reported on Saturday to be engaged with the enemy near Ghent.

The object of the Germans will be to prevent, if possible, the Belgians from uniting with the main army of the Allies, now over the border in West Flanders.

NEXT GREAT BATTLE TO BE IN FLANDERS.

HOW FALL OF ANTWERP AFFECTS CAMPAIGN.

(BY GUY L'ESTRANGE, THE WELL-KNOWN MILITARY EXPERT.)
LONDON, SATURDAY MIDNIGHT.

The fears that were entertained in regard to Antwerp have been only too surely realised.

There was just a faint hope that the forward march of the Allied left wing, which has now penetrated to the frontier at Belgium, might relieve the pressure upon the beleaguered city, and compel the enemy to draw off the army of 50,000 men detached for the task of capturing Antwerp. But it was not to be.

The forts, which we were told would be capable of carrying on a resistance for many weeks, crumbled to pieces under the fire of the German siege gun, as ignominiously as did the fortifications at Namur earlier in the campaign.

Everyone will regret that this last humiliation should have fallen on the much-tried Belgians. The meagre reports which have come to hand suggest that when the Germans entered they took possession of an almost empty city. The great majority of the unfortunate civilian inhabitants had fled northward across the Dutch frontier, and it is gratifying to know that, though Antwerp itself has succumbed, the main Belgian army still remains intact. There is excellent ground for believing that this army will be able speedily to effect a junction with the French and British armies operating in the South.

If this hope be realised the Germans will at best have achieved nothing more than a psychic victory.

It is a local success which will in no sense affect the general course of the campaign in the western theatre of war, though it may do something to cheer up the spirits of the people of Berlin.

Yet there are certain lessons to be drawn from Antwerp, of which due account ought to be taken. The first and foremost is the fact that the strength of the German armies in France has probably been under-rated.

If the Allies had been in the numerical superiority which has been suggested, it is hardly likely that the German commanders could have spared the very considerable force that was required to effect the seizure of the Belgian seaport town.

After Paris—Antwerp!

Surprise is expressed that the Germans did not take an earlier opportunity of making this spectacular advance against Antwerp. They were probably acquainted with the weakness of the forts, and if, as has been suggested, Krupp's had delayed delivery of guns ordered for Antwerp a couple of years ago, the Prussian War Lords would be fully cognisant of the fact. The delay, however, is not really a matter for astonishment.

It is quite certain that the Germans always intended to subjugate the fortress. But they needed their siege guns in the first instance for the march on Paris.

Foiled in their attack upon the French capital, there was no further purpose in retaining these heavy guns in France, where they were only too likely to fall into the hands of the Allies if a hurried retreat became necessary. Moreover, the reverses which the enemy had sustained in France made the subjugation of Antwerp an urgent necessity.

Belgian Army a Serious Menace.

This remains true whether Germany is contemplating a winter campaign in Belgium, or proposes to withdraw her troops back upon her own lines of frontier fortresses. In either case the Belgian army, based on Antwerp, constituted a serious menace to the German flank. From the moment that the advance into France commenced the Germans have been obliged to detach a strong containing force to hold the Belgian army in check and prevent it cutting their lines of communication.

Strengthening Allies' Left Wing.

So far as the Allies are concerned, the fall of Antwerp will affect neither their strategy nor their tactics. No men have been detached from our extreme left wing in France on any ill-considered rush to the relief of the besieged Belgian city.

General Joffre and Sir John French have gone steadily forward with their preconceived plans. If the Belgian Army links up with General Joffre's left wing, and if it be at Selzaete as reported, less than 40 miles separate the two armies, the effect will be actually to strengthen the Allied left wing, against which the Germans will be reinforced by the small army which has been operating at Antwerp.

The Next Great Battle.

All indications are that the next great trial of strength will take place in Flanders. It is no part of the Allies' plans to allow the Germans to sit down for a winter campaign on Belgian territory.

The armies of France and Britain will now begin to sweep eastward. Already the tide of battle has flown away from the valley of the Aisne, and the real battle front to-day is that extending from a point north of Soissons through Arras, Lens, and Lille, to a region north of the Franco-Belgian frontier which may not at present be indicated.

The Russian Advance.

It is very natural that the fall of Antwerp and the rapid extension northward of the allied left wing should be largely monopolise public attention here. Even if the operations in the east were less important then they are, the mere fact that they constitute the stage on which our own little army is playing its part would excuse the concentration of interest in this theatre of the war.

Nevertheless, it would be a grave mistake to ignore the supreme importance of the movements that are now developing in the East. Slowly but surely the Russian steam roller is beginning to advance, and a battle at Cracow is now impending, if it has not already commenced, the result of which will determine the duration of the war, if it does not determine its actual result.

Happily the portents point to a Russian victory. They are in preponderating force, and are fighting against an army of a class generally somewhat inferior. With characteristic arrogance the Prussian War Lords have taken over all the supreme command of the Austrian army. This may tend to unity of plans, but it will not improve the morale of the Austrian troops, a morale already seriously shaken by their preliminary encounters with the Russian hosts.

If the Russians win at Cracow the pressure of their advance will speedily be felt in the rich industrial region of Silesia, and will speedily but equally surely, in Berlin itself. Before moving the Russian armies Germany had hoped to subjugate France, and so release for service in the East many of the army corps now operating in the West.

The fact that she is now obliged to fight simultaneously in the East and the West speaks more eloquently than any words of the complete failure of the German plans.

German Duplicity.

The more closely the progress of the war in the western theatre is studied the greater grows the suspicion that France never really expected that Germany would infringe the neutrality of Belgium and invade her from the north. Due account was taken, of course, of the possibility of such a thing, but it is quite clear that the main preparations for defence were undertaken not on the northern but on the eastern frontiers.

The partial demolition of the fortifications at Lille goes a long way to confirm this suspicion. French statesmen and French strategists frankly refused to believe that German Diplomacy would sanction any violation of the neutrality of Belgium when such violation would almost certainly bring all the forces of Britain into the field against her.

Germany's cynical disregard for treaty, and her even more cynical expectations that other Powers would attach equal unimportance to a certain "scrap of paper" to which they had put their signature, came as a surprise to France as to the rest of the civilised world.

This view of the direction from which Germany would strike her blow would explain the marked superiority of the fortifications on the eastern frontier of France as compared with those on the north. It is quite true, of course, that the tremendous power of

The New German Siege Guns

took everyone more or less by surprise. Nevertheless, forts like Verdun and Toul have been able to render a very good account of themselves against the ordnance brought against them. Unlike the forts at Liege, Namur, and Maubeuge, their walls and foundations of metal and concrete were sheathed in solid banks of earth never less than 50 feet in thickness. Into this incasing shell the German shells have buried themselves harmlessly. The new German siege gun is most effective when it is brought to bear against something hard. When, as at Liege, the walls of fortresses proved too thick to be readily penetrated, the shells were promptly directed against the foundations. Even this was found impossible in the case of forts like Verdun, which were protected by solid banks of earth.

If France was taken by surprise and compelled to fall back in the early days of the war, she showed marvellous powers of recovery. The nation that is now fighting Germany is a very different nation from the one which Germany defeated in the campaign of 1870. Nevertheless, it may be said with some confidence that our own "contemptible little army" has had not a little to do with rolling back the tide of battle from the walls of Paris to within miles of Brussels, and 70 miles of Antwerp. The French themselves have been the first to pay tribute to the assistance we have given them. Nothing could have been more chivalrous than the praises which the French newspapers have heaped upon our troops. The French people take as much pride in the valour of our soldiers as in the valour of their own sons.

Our organisation in particular excites their outspoken admiration, and all accounts agree that it has been

One of the Greatest Achievements

of this war. No one perhaps who had not had the experience Lord Kitchener gained in South Africa could so swiftly and smoothly have created wholly fresh lines of communication for the British Expeditionary Force when the retreat from Mons and the German advance on Paris prevented us from using the most direct route through the northern ports of France.

The task has been facilitated, of course, by the fact that we are operating in a friendly and not a hostile country, but it should not be forgotten in summing up all that the country owes to Lord Kitchener, that even the transport of the British Army is being conducted from London. For this purpose Deptford Meat Market, with its not inappropriate reminder that "Here worked as a ship carpenter Peter, Czar of all the Russias, afterwards Peter the Great, 1698," has been taken over by the Government.

Every day three train loads of meat are despatched to the front, and day and night a small army of nearly a thousand expert packers are labouring to see that Tommy Atkins lacks nothing for his comfort. These are but a few of the wheels which go to the working of the great machine of organisation, which is making our army the best equipped on the Continent.

It is a compliment, rather than the reverse, that the Germans do not share in the enthusiasm expressed for our soldiers by the French. The German professors and newspapers are gravely

Lecturing Tommy Atkins

on his untimely devotion to the sporting side of things. They tell us that we shall have to get used to German seriousness. What the Germans dislike is our habit of discussing war in terms of sport. They even resent the charge of want of fairplay brought against them, not because it is not true, but because "fairplay" is a phrase used in games. Another grave offence is that our soldiers, when there is for the moment "nothing doing," leave their trenches, indulge in football, and play a match.

This has happened many times. It began in a little desultory kicking of the ball about. Then one regiment challenges another to a serious game. Sides are at once picked, tunics are stripped, and the plain soon resounds to typical Saturday-afternoon-at-home football sounds. It annoys the Germans so much that they often start shelling the players, and one exciting match was spoiled by a shell that laid out half-a-dozen players. But the French enjoy the fun immensely, and keep guard for our men while they play.

A little of that spirit is worth a ton of German "seriousness." One thing our sporting fighters will never do. They will not abuse the Red Cross, make war on women and children, or regard it as clever to use the white flag as an ambuscade. Tommy Atkins resolutely refuses to take war too seriously, and insists on a joke in and out of season. The saying of a German recruit, "D—— the Kaiser; I wish I were back in Sheffield," travelled from mouth to mouth from one end to the other of the British Army. To the same class belongs the story of how one of our Tommies, getting exasperated because the Germans would not show themselves from their trenches, hit on the happy idea of shouting "Waiter," whereupon half-a-dozen heads popped up instantly to be shot at. These things are viewed with grave disapproval by the German professors. But the British private makes no claim to the possession of German "culture."

Billy the Goat.

One cannot dismiss this, the lighter side of the war, without a reference to the loss which the Welsh Fusiliers have sustained by the death of their regimental pet "Billy." The goat accompanied its regiment when the Fusiliers were ordered to the front, and the news that it has been killed is conveyed in letters sent home from France. Many of our regiments have pets or mascots which accompany them wherever they go, but the goat of the Welsh Fusiliers was quite the best known to the man in the street.

The Horse Guards Blue had a favourite dog, "Bob," which accompanied them to South Africa in 1899, and was present at several engagements. Twice he was captured by the Boers, but each time managed to rejoin his regiment. The Middlesex regiment, too, possess a mule which has gone

Through Five Campaigns,

and wears three war medals, and the Yorkshire Regiment once adopted a young donkey that strolled into their camp at Peshawar.

Perhaps the most remarkable regimental pet was "Peter," the goose which the Grenadier Guards brought back with them from Canada, where it was reared with them at the Tower of London until it was run over by a waggon in the street. The King's Royal Rifles possess, or used to possess, a live bear, and the Dublin Fusiliers a young tiger cub they brought back from India. Billy, the goat which the Welsh Fusiliers are now mourning, went through the South African War without a blot on his escutcheon until his battalion marched into Bloemfontein. Then he butted a Boer General who was signing the Oath of Allegiance, and for some time he was deemed to be in disgrace.

BADEN POWELL TALKS TO FOOTBALL CROWD,

And Says We Want More Men.

Sir Robert Baden Powell had a tremendous reception when he addressed the crowd after the Tottenham Hotspur football match yesterday.

He said he had witnessed a good game, but he was thinking all the time of what was happening over the water.

"Our chaps over there are sticking to it," said Sir Robert, "but we want more men. Britain is Germany's objective, and we have to look to it that our country does not suffer in the manner of Belgium."

The crowd subsequently sung "Tipperary" and the National Anthem, after which Sir Robert inspected several local companies of the Boy Scouts, and fired the first shot at the new rifle range.

It is officially announced that Captain Lombeke, of the Royal Fusiliers, who was made a prisoner in company with Mr Smith, Mayor of Ermelos, at Usakos, in the Swakopund district, is still a prisoner of war at Windhoek, in German South-West Africa.

GERMAN PRISONERS WEEP

WHEN CAPTURED BY BRITISH.

GRAMOPHONES IN THE TRENCHES.

The Press Bureau last evening issued the subjoined:—

The following descriptive account, which has been communicated by an eye-witness present with general headquarters, continues, and supplements the narrative published on October 9 of the movements of the British Force, and the French Armies in immediate touch with it:—

The comparative calm on our front has continued. Though fine and considerably warmer the last six days have been slightly misty with clouds hanging low, so that the conditions have not been very favourable for aerial reconnaissance.

In regard to the latter, it is astonishing how quickly the habit is acquired—even by those who are not aviators—of thinking of the weather in terms of its suitability for flying. There has been a bright moon also, which has militated against night attacks.

Gramophones in Trenches.

On Saturday, the 3rd, practically nothing happened except that each side shelled the other towards evening. On Sunday there was a similar absence of activity. Opposite one position of the line the enemy's bands played patriotic airs, and the audiences which gathered gave a chance to our waiting Howitzers. Not only do their regimental bands perform occasionally, but with their proverbial fondness for music the Germans have in some places got gramophones in trenches.

Duels in the Air.

On Monday, the 5th, there were three separate duels in the air between French and German aviators, one of which was visible from our trenches. Two of the struggles were, so far as could be seen, indecisive, but in the third the French airmen were victorious, and brought down their opponents, both of whom were killed by machine gun fire. The observer was so burnt as to be unrecognisable.

During the day some men of the Landwehr were taken prisoners by us. They were in a very poor condition, and wept copiously when captured.

One, on being asked what he was crying for, explained that though they had been advised to surrender to the British, they believed that they would be shot.

On that evening our airmen had an unusual amount of attention paid to them, both by the German aviators and their artillery of every description.

One of our infantry patrols discovered 150 dead Germans in a wood one and a half miles to our front. We sent out a party to bury them, but it was fired upon, and had to withdraw.

On Tuesday, the 6th, the enemy's guns were active in the afternoon. It is believed that the bombardment was due to anger because two of our Howitzer shells had detonated right in one of the enemy's trenches, which was full of men. Three horses were killed by the German fire.

Wednesday, the 7th, was uneventful.

On Thursday, the 8th, the shelling by the enemy of the locality on our front, which has so far been the scene of their greatest efforts, was again continuous.

How Miners Blew Up Gun.

Opposite one or two points the Germans have attempted to gain ground by sapping in some places, with a view secretly to pushing forward machine guns in advance of their trenches, so that they can suddenly sweep with cross fire the space between our line and theirs, and so take any advance of ours in flank.

[illegible] where the enemy had succeeded in French were much annoyed by the fire of a German machine gun, which, owing to its inaccessible, they drove a mine gallery fifty metres long up to and under the emplacement, and blew up the gun. The men who drove the gallery belonged to a corps which is recruited in one of the coal-mining districts of France.

Good Work by British Maxims.

The German machine guns are mounted on low sledges, and are inconspicuous, and evidently easily moved.

The fighting now consists mostly of shelling by artillery on both sides, and in the front line of fire from machine guns as an occasional target offers. Our Maxims have been doing excellent work, and have proved most efficient weapons for the sort of fighting in which we are now engaged. At times there are so many outbursts of their fire in different directions that it is possible for an expert to tell by comparison which guns have their springs properly adjusted and are well "tuned up" for the day. The amount of practice that our officers are now getting in the use of this weapon is proving most valuable in teaching them how to maintain it at concert pitch as an instrument and how to derive the best tactical results from its employment.

Germans Saving Ammunition.

Against us the Germans are not now expending gun ammunition as they have been, but they continue to fire at insignificant targets. They have a habit of suddenly dropping heavy shells without warning in localities or villages far behind our front line, possibly on the chance of catching some of our troops in bivouac or billets. They also fire a few rounds at night.

Artillery has up to now played so great a part in the war that a few general remarks descriptive of the methods of its employment by the enemy are justified. Their field artillery armament consists of 15 pr. quick-firing guns for the horse and field batteries of divisions, and there are in addition with each corps three to six batteries of 4.3 inch field howitzers, and about two batteries of 5.9 inch howitzers. With an army there are some 8.2 inch heavy howitzers.

The accuracy of their fire is apt at first to cause some alarm, more especially as the guns are usually well concealed, and the position and the direction from which the fire is proceeding is difficult of detection, but accurate as is their shooting the German gunners have, on the whole, had little luck, and during the past three weeks an astonishing small proportion of the number of shells fired by them have really been effective.

Method of Firing.

Quite the most striking feature of their handling of artillery is the speed with which they concentrate fire upon any selected point. Their dispense to a great extent with the method of ranging known by us as "bracketing," especially when acting on the defensive, and direct fire by means of squared maps and telephone. Thus, when a target is found, its position on the map is telephoned to such batteries as it is desired to employ against that particular square. In addition to the guns employed to fire on targets as they are picked up, others are told off to watch particular roads, and to deal with any of the enemy using them both for location of targets and the communication of the effect of the fire.

Secret Agents.

Reliance is placed on observation from aeroplanes and balloons, and on information supplied by special observers and secret agents, who are sent out ahead or left behind in the enemy's lines to communicate by telephone or signal. These observers have been found in haystacks, barns, and other buildings well in advance of the German lines. Balloons of the so-called "sausage" pattern remain up in the air for long periods for the purpose of discovering targets, and until our aviators made their influence felt by chasing all hostile aeroplanes on sight the latter were continually hovering over our troops in order to "register" their positions, and to note where headquarters, reserves, gun teams, &c., were located.

If a suitable target is discovered the airman drops a smoke ball directly over it, or lets fall some strips of tinsel which glitters in the sun, as they slowly descend to earth.

The range to the target is apparently ascertained by those near the guns by means of a large telemeter or other rangefinder, which is kept trained on the aeroplane, so that when the signal is made the distance to the target vertically below is at once obtained. A few rounds are then fired, and the result signalled back by the aviators according to some prearranged code.

ECHOES OF THE FIGHT.

A gift of 120,000 cigarettes for the firing line has been handed over by the well-known firm, Muratti's.

The number of foreign ships interned in British ports is now 224, the majority of them being German.

Commissions for the army to the number of 1310 have been gained by members of Oxford University.

If the 17-in. German howitzer did not burst too soon or too late or not at all they would be quite good shells.

One of the sights of Hyde Park these afternoons is that of wounded soldiers being taken drives by wealthy ladies.

The coal production in Austria for the month of August has fallen 30 per cent., while in Germany it has decreased by half.

Two hundred clergymen have responded to the call of the rector of Streatham for clergymen under 35 to join the R.A.M.C.

Mr H. M. Hyndman, the famous British Socialist, has written a letter to the Italian Socialists urging Italy to intervene in the war.

In an autograph letter to the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Pope requests him to use his influence to shorten the war as much as possible.

Preferring death to surrender, a young artillery officer ordered his battery, which was surrounded by the enemy, into a lake, and all the men were lost.

An unprecedented demand for leather is on just now for the manufacture of military boots for countries at war, and big shipments from India are expected.

In consequence of the new German force of boys of 16 years of age, it is suggested the Allies should make a rule prohibiting babies in arms in the theatre of war.

Since the Birmingham Small Arms Factory had been put at the disposal of the War Office it has been working day and night in order to supply the Territorials with rifles.

The eldest son of Mr John Ward, Labour M.P. for Stoke, has just been appointed to a commission as midshipman in the Royal Naval Reserve, with seniority from September 1.

Sixty sacks of letters and one hundred packages, the bulk of which were consigned for the Fleet, were consumed by the fire in the postal van of the Highland Railway train.

Going through a dead German major's despatches is sad work, writes a member of the Expeditionary Force. His letters to his wife and family signified that he was homesick and tired of fighting.

The French soldiers envy their British comrades their luxuries, such as bacon, jam, and tobacco, and one French colonel states that the British army will not move until they have had their breakfast of bacon.

The Queen has sent a bunch of white heather to Corporal Crouch, of the 11th Hussars, whose right hand was amputated after the battle of Mons. The Queen saw him when she visited the Connaught Hospital, Aldershot.

The Australian Government-controlled saddlery, ammunition, and small arms factories, have been working night and day since the outbreak of the war manufacturing supplies for their Expeditionary Force.

By means of cheques forwarded from Holland to local banks it has become known that Captain Hargreaves and Lieutenant M'Bryan (Somerset Regiment), who had been unheard of since Mons, were alive late in September.

Private W. J. Hamilton, 2d Battalion Highland Light Infantry, in a letter from the front, says:—"One of our chaps went into a pub for beer. He asked for 'Beer, please.' The girl said, 'Oui, oui.' The chap replied, 'No, no. Big, big.'"

An illustration of the widespread nature of the response to the call to arms is afforded by the arrival in London of twenty men, who paid their own fares from New York, having undertaken the journey across the Atlantic with the avowed intention of joining the army.

During the first forty-five days of the war each German infantry regiment lost five or six officers of the actual strength, besides the Landwehr officers. The [illegible] by these officers are so great that the ordinary number cannot be reached in spite of all the available reserve.

To Relieve Trade Union Funds.—To obviate numbers of men being discharged owing to the lessened demand for labour during the war members of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners at several centres have agreed to a substantial reduction in working hours, and in this way relieve pressure on the Union funds.

Recognition of Pluck—The French garrison Camps des Romains refused to surrender until the Germans had forced their way into the interior of the fort, and even the garrison fought with cold steel until only 450 men were left. As a recognition of their pluck, they were allowed to leave with arms, and saluted by the Germans.

Hoist by Their Own Petard.—While a detachment of French infantry were advancing against a German position, they fell into a quagmire prepared by the enemy, and were subjected to a terrible fire. They ultimately got clear, and were retiring, followed by a body of German cavalry, who forgot the bog, and shared the fate of the Frenchmen, and made a splendid target for the Allies.

Kaiser as Model.—In a summons case heard in the London South-Western Police Court and dismissed William Henry Horsecroft, manager of a provision shop at Northcote Road, Battersea, was accused of assaulting his assistant, Charles Henry Thompson. The defendant, in giving evidence denying the assault, said the complainant was constantly twisting the ends of his moustache in front of the mirror instead of doing his work. Mr Hanne (who defended)—I suppose he wanted to make himself look like the Kaiser. (Laughter.)

"I GO TO JOIN MY SAVIOUR,"

Are the Last Words of Cardinal Ferrata.

Rome, Saturday.

Cardinal Ferrata died, surrounded by faithful friends. He was conscious to the last, and expired with the words "I am so tired. I go to join my Saviour" on his lips.—Reuter.

The late Cardinal was born in 1847. He was a great friend of the present Pope, and was chief secretary to Cardinal Rampollo. Cardinal Ferrata was Archbishop in a diocese in Greece up till recently, and after the election of the present Pope about a month ago he was appointed Secretary of State.

The immediate cause of Cardinal Ferrata's death was peritonitis, caused by a protracted illness that rendered an operation impossible.

Among the noticeable telegrams of inquiries received shortly before the Cardinal's death was one from M. Briand.

The death of Cardinal Ferrata took place shortly after one o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that Paymaster-in-Chief Frederick J. Krabbe, C.D., R.N., has been reappointed Deputy Judge Advocate of His Majesty's Fleet as from the 21st day of December, 1913.

ANOTHER
FIRST-CLASS
WAR MAP
GIVEN FREE
WITH THIS ISSUE.

WHO LIFTED THE LID OFF?

AMERICAN VIEW OF KAISER'S POLICY

AND HOW IT IS LIKELY TO END.

(By Elbert Hubbard.)

If anyone asks—Who lifted the lid off hell? let the truthful answer be—William Hohenzollern.

"Bill Kaiser" never wrote a letter nor a message wherein he did not speak of God as if the Creator was waiting to see him in the lobby.

"God is with us," "God is destroying our enemies," "I am praying our God to be with you," "God is giving us victories," "I am accountable only to my conscience and to God."

This belief that the Maker of the Universe takes a special interest in him marks the man as a megalomaniac; and the idea that the nations were "laying for him" is the true symptom of paranoia.

Playing the Waiting Game.

We are told the Kaiser kept the peace for forty-three years. True, just waiting for this stroke at world dominion.

Every male child born in that forty-three years, who can now carry a gun, is taken from useful work, and made to do the obscene bidding of this sad, mad, bad, blood monster.

In Germany no private individual can operate an automobile. All the oil and "petrol" has been seized to incinerate the dead. No slab marks their resting-place—no records of the slain are kept.

In Germany to-day no bands play in the public parks; all sayings banks are closed; commercial banks pay or not, as the War Minister orders; all insurance companies—both life and fire—are bankrupt; colleges are turned into hospitals—all students are at the front; factories are closed; laboratories are memories.

All the progress of the last forty-three years lies a jumbled, tumbled mass of fears and tears in the dust and dirt of the gladiatorial arena. All the wealth gained in that forty-three years is already lost, dissolved in a mulch of festering human flesh.

Caligula, that royal pagan pervert, was kind compared with the Kaiser. Nero, the fiddling fiend, with his carelessness in the use of fire, never burned property in all his pestilential career worth one-half that destroyed when the Kaiser's troops applied the torch to storied Louvain.

What has been done before may be done again. The "Thirty Years' War" reduced Germany to cannibalism. The old and the crippled were knocked on the head and eaten.

Women and children toiled in the fields like beasts of burden to raise crops to feed the people. Family names were lost, destroyed, forgotten. A new order prevailed. To commemorate the dead was a crime.

Why German People Stand It.

Why do the German people stand by the War Lord?

The answer is easy. It is a matter of the hypnotic spell of patriotism and the lure of the crowd, combined with coercion. We make a virtue of the thing we are compelled to do.

Our hearts are with Germany—the Germany of invention, science, music, education, skill—but not with the War Lord. The Emperor does not represent the true Germany. He symbolises the lust of power, the thirst for blood. The crazy Kaiser will not win. The wisdom of the world backs the Allies, and Saint Helens awaits. It must be so.

Dreadful will not be adequate, but we will be relieved of a succubus that has threatened for very existence.

Disarmament must come. This awful chain of wars will make a World Federation a necessity. It need not longer be argued for. Not a sane man or woman on earth but knows World Federation and disarmament mean the safety of the race.

Let us thank William the Second for exploding for us, among other bombs, the bromidial fallacy that vast armaments insure peace. When things get bad enough they tend to cure themselves.

The law of compensation is at work. At the close of this war, which famine will dictate shall be brief, there will be for sale a fine job-lot of second-hand crowns. And the forces of industry, economy, science, and love shall rule the world.

BELGIAN WOUNDED REACH BRITAIN.

HEROES OF GRIM BATTLES RECEIVE GREAT RECEPTION.

Ramsgate, Saturday.

A sympathetic welcome by immense crowds was accorded to the contingent of Belgian wounded who arrived at Ramsgate this afternoon. The wounded soldiers, who numbered nearly 600, arrived in motor ambulances from Folkstone, where they had been landed by British Red Cross authorities. Most of the soldiers were able to walk or limp to their new quarters at the Sailors' Rest, which has been fitted up as an hospital.

Some, however, presented a woeful spectacle, and had to be carried on ambulance stretchers. The roads leading to the temporary hospitals were thronged with thousands of spectators, who loudly cheered the wounded Allies as they passed. Most of the wounded were able to wave back their acknowledgments, and two Belgian officers who were among the wounded gravely saluted.

They were particularly gratified to notice amongst those who welcomed them to Ramsgate the large contingent of Belgians who have arrived in town during the past few weeks.

[This message has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statement.]

SCOTTISH SOLDIERS WOUNDED.

The War Press Bureau last night issued a casualty list, showing that there had been admitted to the Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, 265 wounded non-commissioned officers and men, and to Portsmouth Hospital 60. The following, amongst others, were admitted:—

Herbert Hospital, Woolwich.

Bamford, 5871 Pte. F., Scots Guards.
Bissett, 9960 Pte. J., Black Watch.
Black, 5478 Pte. R., Cameron Highlanders.
Blackie, 7474 Pte. J., Cameron Highlanders.
Collins, 7892 Pte. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Davidson, 6754 Pte. J., Cameron Highlanders.
Davidson, 8207 Pte. J., K.O.S.B.
Fullston, 8546 Pte. E., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Gillard, 10224 Lance-Corporal C., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Gourlay, 1976 Drummer A., Black Watch.
Gross, 10223 Pte. W., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Harris, 7332 Pte. J., Cameron Highlanders.
Hay, 5962 Lance-Corporal W., K.O.S.B.
Jackson, 8611 Pte. D., Cameron Highlanders.
Johnstone, 7466 Pte. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Longworth, 1306 Lance-Corporal W., Black Watch.
M'Kay, 7352 Pte. R., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Intosh, 503 Pte. P., Black Watch.
M'Pherson, 13 Pte. H., Black Watch.
M'Lachlan, 9065 Pte. J., Royal Scots.
M'Lean, 5023 Lance-Corporal W., Scots Guards.
Moore, 455 Pte. A., Black Watch.
Murdoch, 6844 Pte. G., Cameron Highlanders.
Noel, 9418 Pte. L., Cameron Highlanders.
Nicholson, 4616 Drummer G., Scots Guards.
Paterson, 7805 Pte. W., Black Watch.
Reid, 7311 Pte. A., Royal Scots.
Robertson, 11014 Pte. J., Royal Scots.
Rouney, 8628 Pte. H., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Ross, 486 Corporal G., Black Watch.
Stratton, 6862 Pte. J., Cameron Highlanders.
Wynn, 518 Pte. T., Black Watch.

Portsmouth Hospital.

Grant, 8990 Pte. D., Gordon Highlanders.
Vickers, 8424 Pte. C., Royal Scots Fusiliers.

OFFICERS' AND SOLDIERS' STORIES FROM BATTLEFIELD.

Private George H. Parker, 1st Royal Berks Regiment, writing to his parents at Steventon, Berks, says:—

"The first one of my company to get shot was the major in charge. A German officer hailed him in French. This happened at night, and as our officer advanced towards him he was deliberately shot with a revolver. The Germans are like savages; they kill everybody, civilians and all."

EATING THEIR OWN HORSES.

Private Sidney Davies, a reservist of the 23d Battery, Royal Field Artillery, formerly a tin-worker in Swansea, writes home:—

"While I am writing this the German shells are dropping within 200 yards of our horses, and they are trying to find us. They cannot up to now.

"There are prisoners coming in every day—forty, fifty, or one hundred giving themselves up—starving. They are killing and eating their horses and looting the towns—well, it is a sight to see what they have been doing."

WHITE FLAG TREACHERY.

A victim of German white flag treachery, Police Constable W. Stevens, of the Surrey County Constabulary, has reached the Bristol Royal Infirmary. Up to the outbreak of war he was stationed at Camberley, and as a reservist of the Royal Sussex Regiment he rejoined his battalion. Writing to a brother constable he says:—

"We started attacking at 3.30 a.m. on September 14, and at six o'clock a party of Germans, about 150 surrendered to us under the white flag. When we had them formed up they fired five shrapnel shells amongst us. The first one grazed my throat, and the second blew my rifle and a German's off my shoulder, took my cap off, and a bullet went right through my arm."

NARROW ESCAPES FROM SHRAPNEL.

From a hospital in France Dr H. W. Goodden, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, writes to a friend in Clifton.

"On Tuesday (5.c., September 22). I got hit in the chest by shrapnel at the battle of the Aisne. Fortunately it hit my cigarette case and deflected it down, knocking off a trouser button en route. Other pieces perforated my clothing, and one bent a key in my trouser pocket. I got just a bat shot off the night before. I shall be up in a day or two for a few days to convalesce and then back to the regiment, to which I am medical officer. I am glad to have been through the hottest part of the battle of the Aisne, and at the hottest corner, and only hope to get back in time to see the aftermath. Of our brigade I am the only medical officer living."

NEW GUN OFFERED TO THE WAR OFFICE.

Three prominent Americans arrived in London this week, and will offer to the War Office plans of a gun described by the inventor, who lives in Baltimore, Maryland, as equal in every way to the "Big Berthas" of German construction.

Application for patents covering the Baltimore invention were made more than a year ago, and it is suggested that Germany's secret service agents have had access to the applications filed in the United States, and built their Berthas on similar lines.

It is asserted that the American gun has everlasting qualities, and that the principle is quite new. The ordnance authorities here, who have seen the plans and the model, are decidedly of opinion that the gun should be a success, but in the absence of practical tests they say no opinion can be authoritative.

SOLDIERS PLAY NAP

By Candle Light in Trenches.

Hardly a night passes in the trenches without an alarm. The men coolly play nap by candle-light. They dare each other to do mad deeds. One stole forth of a dark night to carry off a German Maxim. He wriggled on his stomach to within a few yards of his object.

He surprised the guard of five Prussians, slew them, and returned in triumph to his trench with his Maxim slung like a sheep across his shoulders. Rendered brazen by his success he sallied forth again to collect the ammunition and belt which he had left behind on his first journey.

PRISONER BOUND AND PLACED IN TRENCHES.

The Paris Journal des Debats publishes a letter from a member of its staff which describes how he was captured during the fighting in the Woevre district. The letter proceeds:—

I was taken to a Prussian infantry lieutenant, who questioned me closely about the positions of our forces. I pretended to know nothing, and looked as stupid as I could. I was menaced; but in vain.

The lieutenant then said to me—"My friend, you will now be shown a fine display of fireworks free of cost." I was immediately handcuffed, taken to a district in which heavy fighting was expected to take place shortly, and lay there with six Prussians standing beside me.

At 4 o'clock the battle began. The French shells hummed across the trench. Soon the noise grew louder, and I thought that my last hour had come.

Suddenly one of our 75 shells exploded. Heads, arms, and torn bodies seem to fly about and then fall heavily to the ground. My position, flat on the ground at the bottom of the trench, had saved me. I had not even a scratch, although I was covered with blood. The Prussians in the trench were all dead. I began to hope that I might escape; then I fainted. When I came to I was lying on a stretcher beside a road. The French had taken the trench and I was no longer a prisoner. I was taken to the hospital at —— and from there to ——. In a few days I shall again be in the fighting line.

CANADA'S GIFT TO BELGIUM.

An Adventurous Trip.

The crew of the steamer which conveyed the splendid gift of flour from the Canadians to their brothers and sisters at Ghent, had an adventurous trip.

By the time the vessel had steamed up the canal which connects the old city with Terneuzen the Germans were very close. They were nearly in Ghent when they were suddenly warned off by a Belgian military motor car, and the steamer had to go back for three miles along the canal to get out of danger, there being no room there to turn.

Then they were again allowed to go on cautiously, being kept warned the whole day by the motor car. And so they proceeded carefully and anxiously to the landing place at Ghent. Here the flour was unloaded, and never in their life had the sailors seen the work done so quickly.

There were armed soldiers to superintend the unloading of the precious cargo, with the ship at full steam ready to start at a moment's notice. Only an hour after they had left and were racing down the canal—whilst the Ghentois were holding a service of thanksgiving for the gift—the enemy was at the gate

BRITISH FLEET ON GUARD.

A Reminder to the German Ambassador.

A lady who went to Belgium on the steamer that brought in Sir Edward Goschen and was taking out Prince Lichnowsky gives details of these events, which she learned from the crew.

Our Ambassador at Berlin and his suite came on board, bearing only too evident traces of the ordeal and the treatment they had experienced at the hands of Germans. Their motor car was seriously damaged by the stones and other missiles thrown at them when they left the Embassy.

The party was tired and hungry, and so strict had been the surveillance exercised that they were not allowed to leave the car or to put their hands in their pockets even for a handkerchief.

But for Prince Lichnowsky all the honours due to his rank were accorded and even exceeded, for the commandant of the British port he sailed from ran up the German flag above the British. This excess of courtesy brought its punishment, for as they neared the Dutch ports a shot came across the bow from one of the British cruisers in waiting, while other cruisers closed in round the ship, reminding them that the British fleet was on guard.

Another shot across the bow brought down the offending flag in quick time, and a little explanation let them off further trouble.

The Prince, who seemed to realise things keenly, was on the captain's bridge at the time. The Prince thought that the British had broken faith with him at last.

LIEUTENANT'S PRAISE OF SEAFORTHS.

"Lucky To Be With Such Men."

A lieutenant of the Royal Army Medical Corps with the 2d Seaforth Highlanders, writing to his mother, says:—

I joined the Seaforths on Sept. 8, and have been on the move ever since. Every morning we stand at arms at three a.m., and move about four or five o'clock, with or without breakfast, which consists of tea and biscuits; bacon if we have time to cook it. Our sleeping places vary; an orchard, a ploughed field, and now and then a billet, which means a floor in a house of some sort. We are often so sleepy that we lie on the road. I often feel myself reeling like a drunken man.

I am no martyr. I am doing less than the men. Just think of them, march, march, march, and then while we sleep it falls to the lot of many to guard the outposts, with no chance of shelter, and then next day marching wet, hoping to dry as they go. Only the highest praise can be given to these men.

At present we are entrenched. Our first day in this place (where we have been for five days) was awful. We were under fire the whole day, with practically no protection. Our total killed and wounded amounted to seventy. The men never wavered, and gaps were always filled. Grand were the Highlandmen, and grander still will be the account they will render. I am lucky to be with such men.

Poor Colonel Bradford; I can't tell you how great our loss is. He was brave and a born commander, but in the twinkling of an eye, whist trying to safeguard his regiment, a shell carried him off. We could not fetch him in during daylight because of the raking fire, but at midnight on Sept. 14 we laid him with two other officers and men to rest in their "champs d'honneur" on a hillside overlooking a fair river and valley. It was a sad but glorious moment for us to stand and hear the padre tell us that they had not shrunk from duty, and had fallen for the sake of comrades. The next day I found some Scotch thistle growing close by. I plucked the blooms and formed a cross over our chieftain's grave.

COLONEL'S LAST WORDS.

"Never Mind Me, Capture the Guns."

Private John Harvey, of the 1st Loyal North Lancashire Regiment

LATEST FROM LONDON.

GERMAN ADMIRAL'S DECISION.

DETERMINED TO COME OUT AND FIGHT.

QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS IN ENGLAND.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

The news of the fall of Antwerp was circulated in London before the official announcement of the Press Bureau was made known, but, as is usual in the Metropolis, it was received with the imperturbable calm which characterises the average Londoner. The disaster was not unexpected, for, although there was a belief that the Allies had it in their power to avert the doom of the beleaguered city, it was held that there might be reasons which would make the sacrifice necessary. From the highest to the lowest there was no feeling of panic, and shortly after the news was known the crowd which waits daily in the vicinity of Buckingham Palace were buoyed up by the appearance of King George and Queen Mary, who, accompanied by their sailor son, visited the General Hospital at St Mark's College, Chelsea. Their Majesties were looking as tranquil and confident as when I saw them a week ago, and their tranquility did much to maintain the spirits of the crowd.

City in Semi-Darkness.

To-night the new order of the Metropolitan Police is in full force, and the London known to holiday-makers is a city of stygian darkness. In the East and West End cardboard shades have been put around the shop lamps, and the overhead lights in most of the main thoroughfares have been extinguished. The Embankment is a lane of gloom to all appearances, but in reality it is a garden of romance to City lovers, who each Saturday flock from the mean streets of Whitechapel and Bow to whisper to one another the same story as Antony lisped to Cleopatra while they sat around the obelisk which bears her name. In theatre-land the crowds are no less dense than when the lights of London are gleaming, and the merry chatter of richly-begowned women and their escorts only shows that the romance, rather than the inconvenience, of the thing is uppermost in their minds.

Queen of Belgians in England.

The Queen of the Belgians, according to report, as was generally expected, has arrived in England, and proceeded to a destination which for the time being must not be stated. A rumour was current that His Majesty the King of the Belgians would accompany his consort should she seek refuge among us, but it does not require a great study of character to enable one to state emphatically that the heroic Monarch could not be prevailed upon to leave his comrades in the field while there was work for him to do. Indeed, I have it on the best authority that the Queen herself had stated that her place, whatever might befall, was with her husband, and the conclusion therefore is that only the natural desire to see her children induced the journey from Dunkirk to Folkestone.

Brisk Recruiting.

Whatever effect the concocted messages from Berlin have had on the youthful man on the street, they have intensified rather than retarded the desire to get into the new army. Recruits continue to flock to the colours, and the amateur recruiting sergeants send glowing accounts of the manner in which they have been received. Among the most enthusiastic of them is Mr Will Crooks, the Labour member for Woolwich, who informed me in the course of a chat the other day that he has not had a spare moment to himself since the war started, and that he has bookings ahead, as the music-hall people say, for months to come. The patriotism of the burly ex-Mayor of Poplar is infectious, and at a recent meeting he addressed he had recruits flocking around him like bees around a hive. He told me that they assured him that they would be back in time to vote for him, but with his characteristic smile he informed them that he would not like his election to stand in the way of their shooting a few of the enemy. "Get that little Berlin trip off your boots before you think of coming back to Woolwich," he said, and then he sent them off with a few anecdotes.

A Story of Bill Crooks.

Will Crooks, by the way, takes it as a matter of course that the War Office should look for his services. "I am supposed to be everybody's handy man; at least, down here in Poplar," he said. Did you ever hear the story of the fellow who complained that his kitchen sink had been choked up for three weeks, and Bill 'adnt been round to see about it"?

Work of Labour M.P.s.

Labour leaders, with two exceptions which need not be mentioned, have been following the lead of their friend who sang the National Anthem in the House, and a great deal of good work has been done among the members of the various labour organisations. Mr Arthur Henderson, who is at present in his constituency, has issued a strong appeal for support, and Mr Geo. Barnes is doing what he can to ensure that the wives and children of the workers who enlist will have no cause for anxiety. It is, moreover, no surprise to those who know him to find Mr Ben Tillett among the dockers whom a year or two ago he led to open rebellion against the conditions of labour, leading them by the powers of his natural eloquence into the doors of the nearest recruiting office.

Burning Effigy of Kaiser.

Unless the war be over before the early days of next month London is threatened with the cessation of a festival which has been observed for over 300 years. It is necessary to say threatened, for the reason that, powerful though the Commissioner of Police may be, I question if he and his thousands of constables will be able to prevent the small gamins of London burning the effigy of the Kaiser or Von Kluck in place of Guy Fawkes of notorious memory. Certain areas are to be mapped out in which bonfires and the lighting of fireworks are to be prohibited at night, and it has even been hinted that processions by day will not meet with the approval of the authorities. In spite of the regulations, however, I intend to keep my eyes open on the fifth, especially in districts like Walworth, where the celebration of the fiery festival almost savours of religious fervour.

Will German Navy Come Out?

One of the rumours current in Fleet Street is that Von Tirpitz, otherwise "King Rat, of the German Burrow," in Heligoland, has determined to come out and fight. It is said that he has boarded his flagship, and that in the course of a day or two we may receive news of some sort from the North Sea. Those of us who have studied the career of the German Sea Lord are by no means inclined to take him at an altogether low estimate, and it is quite possible that he has induced his Imperial master to give him the word to stake all and make a big throw for the downfall of Britain. Doubtless he has weighed up the odds against him in the matter of ships, but I scarcely think he has had the same opportunity of considering the odds in the morale of our sailors as many of us have had during the last day or two.

Give 'Em Beans.

Only yesterday I saw a slip of a lad in navy blue with "Aboukir" in gold letters on his cap. He was walking up Ludgate Hill as unobtrusively as if his recent experience was nothing more momentous than his usual morning tub. I could not get him to talk about the disaster which nearly sent him to Davy Jones' locker. "Experiences," they say ain't finished yet," he said. "I'm off again, and when we meet 'em this time we'll give 'em beans." He did not use the last word I have substituted, but his answer was an eloquent one to the reported move of the German admiral, and ought to make some of the nervous amongst us sleep soundly of nights.

There are more shells being fired in a day in France than in the whole course of the South African War.

HOW MODERN ARMIES FIGHT.

PROLONGED STRUGGLE WITH CONCEALED ENEMY.

THE "LAVA" OF THE COSSACK.

THIS war will be famous for its long battles—the longest in history. Not for hours do our soldiers fight in battles to-day, but for days and weeks and months! It is no longer a glorious hand-to-hand encounter, but it is a struggle for the most part with an invisible enemy, concealed behind amazingly ingeniously-constructed trenches, and aided by the most scientific and deadly instruments of destruction.

The Boer War taught the British Army valuable lessons in modern fighting—lessons which are proving extremely useful and profitable in France to-day. Then our Generals were believers, as the Germans are still, in the attack by infantry in close formation.

Colenso and Magersfontein were disasters brought about by exposing men recklessly to the hidden fire of the Boers, who were safely ensconced behind their entrenchments. Happily Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were quick to adapt themselves to the new conditions of warfare and they out-manœuvred the Boers by their swift and unexpected flanking movements, against which the Boer trenches and their rifle pits were useless.

Men Sacrificed with Prodigality.

The introduction of the high-power magazine rifle machine gun has made attack en masse quite ineffective, unless a General is willing to sacrifice his men with great prodigality. In most of the offensive engagements in France on the part of the Germans this plan has been followed, and if victory were ever gained it was only by the absolute waste of thousands of soldiers. In the battle at Mons the official report gave a bald but vivid account of one such charge. Several thousand men got wedged into a narrow village street at the top of which were British machine guns. These guns, with such easy targets, worked fearful havoc, between seven and eight hundred men being killed and wounded within a very few minutes, and the rest flying in panic.

The German officers insist that their men be driven on as sheep. "What matter," they say; "if they be swept away! Are there not tens of thousands more behind? We Germans do not take counsel of our fears; we march forward cost what it may."

If the Germans aim at gaining possession of some vital position they get their artillery into immediate action, and for three or four hours their guns pour shell and shrapnel into the enemy's lines. The roar of the heavy artillery is frightsome in the extreme, although the damage done by "Jack Johnsons" is not at all in proportion to their numbers.

When they deem that the enemy's morale has been affected and their courage shaken, and they think many of their guns have been put out of action, the order is given for the infantry to advance, whereupon whole regiments press forward shoulder to shoulder. When men are killed others jump into the gaps, and on they press relentlessly—bravely, stolidly, but like dumb, driven cattle.

Then, at the critical moment, if our men are in sufficient force to beat back the attack, they spring upon them with the bayonet, the Germans' dislike of which has become proverbial. Such have been the nature of many of the day and night battles which our soldiers have been fighting on the Aisne.

British and French Methods.

But the British and the French armies have been slowly gaining ground. How does their attack develop? Take the British. Setting out while it is yet dark, our troops march noiselessly forward. There is no heralding of their approach by shrieking shrapnel. As dawn comes our columns deploy into battle array, defended by guns, securely hidden from the enemy, but in positions of vantage commanding the enemy's batteries. As our infantry sweep forward it is seen that the men are ten or twelve yards apart.

This open formation allows us to approach the enemy's lines with little loss, as men separated in this way do not present an easy target to the enemy, who are notoriously poor rifle marksmen.

It is when our men get into the danger zone that the artillery begins to play its part—and very effectively, too. The British objective is to silence the guns more by skilful shooting than overwhelming weight of metal.

Successive lines of infantry come up and throw themselves into the battle line. Then, as they near the enemy's position, they charge, with a mighty cheer, shoulder to shoulder, and carry the hostile trenches. It is in these last movements, when our troops are within a few hundred yards of the trenches, that our losses are most severe.

The French advance with incredible swiftness. They do not keep too close together, and every man shows initiative. The offensive is what they delight in.

They are powerfully supported by their field artillery, which does marvellous execution. Then, as the enemy's guns grow dumb, the infantry sweep forward once more, the steel of the bayonet glistens—the bayonet in which every French soldier exults—and then they are in the trenches, sweeping all before them.

The Part of Cavalry.

Cavalry still plays an important part in the modern battle, although some military authorities declare that the presence of rapid-firing field artillery has limited cavalry in its action to reconnaissance and keeping open roads of communication. But the war, as far as it has gone, has on our side at least demonstrated that the use of cavalry has not been diminished, but, on the contrary, plays a most important role, not only as a strategic unit, but as a tactical one, and on a great scale. The engagements which have taken place at Mons, in Alsace and Lorraine, in East Prussia, and in Galicia prove it. The brilliant cavalry attacks of the old days have risen again in the battlefield, in spite of the devilish are of artillery and machine guns.

This leads to a consideration of the Russian method of attack, for our Eastern Ally places great confidence in her Cossack regiments. The Russian cavalry can be used either as cavalry or as mounted infantry, and in the latter capacity its mobility is terrific.

The special and most dreaded attack of the Cossacks is described by the word "lava"—a word commonly applied to the product of volcanic activity. It was by means of this attack that the Cossacks recently annihilated a number of squadrons of Austrian cavalry. The Germans and Austrians know this attack, and have many times tried to introduce it in their army, but without success. Their men and horses lack the smartness which always distinguishes the Cossacks.

The "Lava" of the Cossacks.

Cossack horses are specially trained for this attack, and do not need to be guided by head or knee. They know what they have to do after the leader has cried "Lava!" so both hands of the Cossack are free for fighting.

When news is received that a detachment of cavalry is approaching or ready to attack, an order to be ready for "lava" is given at once by the commander. The leading sotnia (squadron) spreads out to right and left, and the others at full speed form up on either side of it in a semi-circle or a half-moon. Every man with a lance is attended by a man wearing a shaskka, a Cossack's sword, and all the officers, with the Colonel at the head, are in front of the men of each sotnia.

The other sotnias in the neighbourhood do not wait for a special order, and at once take up the same formation, endeavouring to surround the attacking force from another side. With loud shouts and calls the Cossacks rush down on their enemies, and, even if this first assault is repulsed, another "lava" pours down on the shaken enemy, and very often another surprises them in the rear. In the present day the Cossacks, besides lances and swords, also use hand grenades, which, if they do not cause very serious injury, serve to demoralise both horses and men.

Special reserves of "lavas" follow the attacking force of sotnias and pick up the wounded, and usually collect the ammunition and horses of the beaten enemy.

The Living Intrenchment.

Of course, in mountainous country, and especially in narrow passes, the "lava" cannot be used, but in such passes the Cossacks use the so-called "living entrenchment." They make their horses lie down, and fire on the enemy under cover of the animals.

In the present war, when hostilities will usually be carried on in the plains, the Cossack "lava" must play a very important part. So far the Russian cavalry has manœuvred with remarkable success and in a manner hitherto unknown in warfare.

The Russian soldier has been taught self-reliance both as a marksman and as a strategist, and if his officers fall he is quite capable of looking out for himself. He and not the company is the army unit. In the German Army a company deprived of its commissioned officers is trained to retire upon its base until other officers are provided. In the Russian Army the individual soldier keeps on.

Russian Infantry Charge.

Russian charges of infantry are made in open order—that is, the men advance by fours and drop, 16 feet apart, until the last four reaches a point at which the first was ordered to pause, when the whole line dashes forward.

Aerial scouting has contributed considerably to the prolongation of modern battles. Enveloping movements are readily observed by the scouts in the clouds, and the word is at once passed to the enemy, with the result that they are enabled by means of our modern methods of transport to move reinforcements quickly to the threatened positions.

The struggle on the Aisne has demonstrated that modern warfare has developed into a huge and merciless game of hide and seek. A battle is no more a struggle under the open sky. Danger issues everywhere from the earth. Before vanquishing the enemy it is necessary to dig him out.

RUGBY INTERNATIONALIST RECOMMENDED FOR V.C.

Perthshire Colonel's Tribute.

In a letter to Miss Rose Innes, Jedburgh, Colonel J. A. G. Richardson Drummond Hay, writing from the regimental headquarters of the Coldstream Guards, says:—

I saw Lieutenant Soames, Coldstream Guards, who has just returned to this country wounded. He was on the staff of the 4th Brigade, to which the 3d Battalion of this regiment belongs. He is going to write to the Laidlaws (Jedburgh) about Dr Huggan, as he knows all about him. He told me Dr Huggan was extraordinarily gallant, and two days before he was killed he was recommended for the Victoria Cross for organising and leading a party of volunteers to remove a number of wounded from a barn that had been set on fire by the German shell fire. The work was carried out under a very heavy shell fire, and all the wounded were saved. Mr Soames will tell Dr Huggan's relatives all about it, but I thought you would like to know, in case they say nothing.

Dr Huggan, who was killed at the battle of the Aisne on September 16, was a member of the Royal Army Medical Corps attached to the 5d Battalion Coldstream Guards. He was a native of Jedburgh, and played Rugby with the Jedforest Club for some years. In the International match between England and Scotland held at Edinburgh in March last, Dr Huggan, then a member of the London Scottish Rugby Club, played three-quarters on the Scottish wing.

PRIEST GOES TO PLACE OF EXECUTION

To Await Firing Party that Never Came.

The Cure of Rosieres-en-Santerre had an adventure which might well have turned out ill.

His villagers came to him saying that, owing to the war, the great clock in the belfry had run down and they could no longer tell the time. The Cure decided to wind it up, and accompanied by some boys, who scented a legalised adventure, climbed up the steeple of his church.

When once the clock had been wound up it began to strike. The Germans, convinced that this was some signal to the French, who were in the neighbourhood, arrested the venturesome priest on his descent, together with two of the boys, and informed them that they would be shot for giving information to the enemy. They were locked up with the knowledge that they were to die in the morning.

Then the French came. The Prussians in their retreat flung open the doors of the temporary gaol and told the prisoners to escape as quickly as possible. So convinced, however, was the priest that his last hour had come that he quietly went to the place of execution and awaited the firing party which never came.

GUARDED BY SHARKS.

German Prisoners' Plight.

The White Star liner Delphic, which arrived at New York from Auckland, with 6000 tons of beef, reported that there are 5000 German residents in New Zealand prisoners of war, literally guarded by sharks.

The island upon which the Teutons are isolated is not a long swim from the mainland, but every man so far who has tried to cover the distance was literally gobbled up by the man-eaters with which the waters swarm. The prisoners live in houses and tents, are well treated, and require very few sentries.

"When I see violent and scurrilous attacks being made on every man who is a soldier in the British army I feel bound to protest," says Mr Dillon. "I must protest, also, against the doctrine that a soldier in the British army cannot be a good Irishman."

DEATH OF KING OF ROUMANIA.

HOW LATE RULER HELD HIS THRONE.

King Carol of Rumania died at the Royal residence at Sinaia at half-past six yesterday morning.

Formed out of Moldavia and Wallachia, Roumania is the happiest result of the Russo-Turkish War of 1876.

In that year King Charles was a simple sub-lieutenant of Prussian Dragoons, and, owing to the diplomatic action of Prussia, Roumania invited the then Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen to become first Prince of Roumania. Bismarck advised the Prince to accept the job, as, in any event, it would afford him some interesting recollections.

Prince Charles was a member of the Catholic branch of the House of Hohenzollern, and a Catholic he remained till his death. So Prince Charles went to Bucharest, and, acting up to his motto, "Always on the spot!" he stuck there through a variety of crises which would have compelled many another man to throw up his job in despair of ever giving satisfaction.

Bismarck had said to Prince Charles, "You have been unanimously elected by a nation to rule over them; obey the summons!" But, notwithstanding the "unanimity" of the voice which called him, Prince Charles had to smuggle himself across the frontier.

Throne Hung Upon Customs Officer's Patience.

His passport had been made out in the name of "Karl Hettingen, travelling on business to Odessa," and a further disguise was afforded by a pair of blue spectacles. At the critical moment, however, "Karl" forgot his new name, and it seemed as though the Customs officer would order his arrest, when a quick-witted companion ostentatiously insisted on paying duty on all the cigars in the Prince's baggage, thus giving "Karl" an opportunity of refreshing his memory from his passport.

The chances of a European throne, it may be said, hung upon a Customs officer's patience. But in due course the Prussian sub-lieutenant reached the Roumanian capital, and for 40 years he ruled his new State not only to its immense advantage, but with all the sterling incorruption and honesty of the best-class German. During a long life no breath of scandal tainted his name. Soon after his arrival his younger brother became the immediate cause of the Franco-Prussian War.

Led Army to War.

King Charles introduced the German military system into his new kingdom, and the Roumanian officer struts about the streets of Bucharest in glaring fancy dress uniforms, with corsets and bullet-shoulders visible to the naked eye. The Roumanians gave a good account of themselves in 1877, when King Charles led them at the battle of Plevna.

Thirty years later King Charles paid a visit to the historic battlefield, and laid a wreath upon the graves of the Russian soldiers who fell in the struggle. This was a tactful method of informing the world how well Roumania stands with Russia.

ROUMANIA'S POSITION IN THE WAR.

The position of Roumania in the European situation is doubtful, but it has been rumoured that the army is mobilising, and it is not impossible that before long she may decide to throw in her lot with the Allies.

The report that the Germans have been active in Turkey may have had something to do with these reports, as Roumania has a small navy on the Black Sea and the Danube, consisting of thirty vessels.

The sympathies of the bulk of the people it is believed are not with the Germans, and should Italy make the long expected move it is not improbable that this will give Roumania the courage to avert the peril which threatens her in certain directions.

In the event of Roumania entering the war the fate of Austria would be sealed, as the strength of the Roumanian Army is not to be under-estimated any more than the fighting spirit of her men.

In peace the strength of her army is put at 98,500, and the war strength at 700,000.

Preliminary military training begins in Roumania when a youth reaches the age of nineteen. At twenty-one he enters the army for two years in the infantry, and then three years in the other branches, followed by four or five years in the reserve.

Being a trained soldier, he passes into the second line, and remains there for ten years. After that he is transferred to the territorial force (usually when thirty-eight), and remains effective for four years, so completing twenty-one years' service.

GUNBOAT SMITH IS BEATEN IN TEN-ROUND CONTEST.

New York, Saturday.

In a ten-rounds boxing contest last night Battling Levinsky beat Gunboat Smith on points.—Reuter.

PLEA FOR BRITISH NON COMS.

WHO HAVE TO STAY AT HOME AND LICK RECRUITS INTO SHAPE.

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

"I wish you would get a lot of your women readers—and men, too, for that matter—to suspend judgment about the gallantry or lack of it of those soldiers who have not gone to the front."

A typical non-commissioned officer and drill instructor at Maryhill Barracks, who has been hard at work every day since the war broke out teaching the young idea how to shoot and drill, addressed these words to me with just a shade of soldierly annoyance in his voice.

I was not long in getting to know what the substance and kernel of the drill sergeant's particular plaint was. "The newspapers have already exposed the foolishness of young women walking about the principal streets and handing white feathers to young fellows in civilian dress, and it would only be fair if equal prominence was given to a real, red-hot grievance of some of us who are wearing the King's khaki.

Thoughtless Comment.

"Frequently, when walking along the street in my full uniform as a drill instructor I overhear groups of thoughtless women discussing those of us who are obliged to remain at home.

"'Just look at that big swank fellow; why isn't he awa' tae focht the Germans?'; or, 'What's wrang wi' that tall sergeant that he's no aff tae the front?' are specimens of the 'encouragement' I often hear from these complacent critics of us khaki-clad warriors."

I endeavoured to sympathise with the aggrieved soldier, and reminded him that "they also serve who only stand and wait," and that perhaps, after all, such remarks as he had overheard were only playful chaff.

"If there's one thing a soldier doesn't like, especially in war time, it is the suggestion that he wants to remain at home and let others do the fighting," was the retort of the Maryhill Barracks non-commissioned officer.

"Here have I been hard at it, getting thousands of men through my hands, and trying to teach them the elements of military drill as best as I could, and yet have to stand the banter of being branded as a 'stay-at-home sweddie.' If I had my own wish I would rather be out at the front, but the public, or a section of them, seem to think that immediately a recruit is attested he is packed straight off to the fighting line.

Eager Recruits.

"I can tell you that many of the drill instructors scattered throughout the country are having as hard a 'graft' as a lot who are fighting in the trenches. Of course, we can afford to ignore such criticism which springs from ignorance of the real state of matters, but it is irritating to men who are doing their best to serve their King and country by remaining at home.

"But don't think I'm a chronic 'grouser.' There's been a lot of genuine pleasure in getting so many eager recruits licked into shape to take their place in the ranks. The men we have been getting are splendid, eager to get fit at the very earliest moment, and a complete absence of that shirking which at other times is now and again apparent.

We have much to be thankful for in the spirit displayed by the recruits who have passed through our hands, but we could do with thousands more, even although that means more hard work for us.

"At such a time he is a poor patriot who grumbles at hard work, and I have never seen or heard any symptoms of impatience on the part of the recruits.

No Shirkers.

"Have you found any of the young men who have enlisted trying to get out of it?" I asked.

"Not one." The answer was snapped back at me in a manner which could not have been more emphatic.

"Why," continued the non-com, "I have known of cases where recruits who have sprained their legs or in some other manner injured themselves in the course of training who heroically concealed their suffering in case they might not get a chance of fighting the Germans. One night in barracks I came across one Tommy vigorously massaging the leg of one of his chums.

"'What's wrong?' I inquired, as I observed the injured recruit trying to conceal the evident pain he was suffering."

"'Oh, nothing, sergeant; only sprained my leg while manœuvring.'

"'Have you reported the matter to the doctor?' I asked.

"'No; it's not so bad as that,' was the reply, with just a suggestion of fear in his voice at the idea of anyone knowing about his physical infirmity. 'I'll be all right in a day or two, sergeant and it's not very painful, you know.'

"That shows the spirit of the recruits we are getting," declared the drill instructor with a note of pride.

It is a pity that so many thousands of eligible recruits throughout the country have not yet offered themselves for the defence of the Empire?

BEST-EQUIPPED SOLDIER IN THE WORLD.

French Tribute to Tommy Atkins.

The Petit Parisien publishes an article by M. Edmund de Gaz, under the heading "A Week With the British Army," which is full of interesting and bright details about the life of the British soldier in the bases in France.

On a large plain (he writes), flat and cheerless, are the triangular outlines of thousands of tents of spotless white. Numerous French and British soldiers stand on guard all round the camp. Long lines of carts and cars of every conceivable pattern crowd the roads leading to it, while motor cycles and motor cars full of smart-looking officers dash past. This is one of the numerous camps which brighten the aspect of the surrounding country.

Here comes a body of soldiers swinging along a cross road with splendid rhythm of movement and at a remarkable pace. It is a contingent returning from a march. They are splendid-looking troops, and they remind one of our Alpine Chasseurs. All the men are superb to look at and are well-dressed, well-booted, and young. They have no band, but they have fifes, and when these are absent the men, who whistle in a surprising manner, replace them.

A Changed Tommy.

This is Tommy Atkins, that splendid Tommy Atkins who used to saunter along the streets of London in his splendid uniform, his sweetheart at his side. But he no longer wears his gorgeous red tunic and his bearskin. He is dressed in khaki and he looks no less martial for the change. He is as merry as can be, and he continually sings the popular refrain, "It's a long way to Tipperary."

If Tommy Atkins appears to be the best equipped soldier in the world, he also appears to be the most cleanly, and his camp is a marvel of cleanliness. Nothing has been forgotten in this respect. The men have baths at their disposal, and as an enormous quantity of water is consumed daily the soldiers are at present working on a water main which will bring the water from a distance of three kilometres. All the material required for this work has been brought over from England.

The "contemptible little army," as the Kaiser calls it, is worthy of the finest armies which have ever marched on to a field of battle, for all the men are incomparably trained. They are untiring on the march and splendid shots. Their stamina is marvellous, and it is unlucky for the enemy that the soldiers of the Kaiser do not in the least resemble this "contemptible little expeditionary corps."

SEAFORTH SERGEANT KILLED.

Information has been received that Sergeant Samuel Cairns, of the Seaforth Highlanders, son of Samuel Cairns, brickworker, South Cumbernauld, has been killed in action in the battle in France.

Deceased, who was a young man of about 35 years of age, had spent about sixteen years with the forces, and had seen considerable service. He had been acting as gymnasium instructor in recent years.

Sergeant Cairns was a native of Cumbernauld Parish, and married.

TAKEN FOR GERMANS.

Officer's Adventure.

A British officer gives the following narrative:—

After the battle of Mons we were billeted at a large farmhouse, the occupants of which did not seem very pleased to see us. We had not touched any eatables for several hours, and I made the housewife understand that we wanted some food. She looked at us in a way which was not altogether an expression of friendliness, and, pointing at the table, round which a number of working men were gathered, to whom she was serving their meals, she said, "Apres les ouvriers."

We waited patiently till the men had finished their meal, and then asked once more for food. But the woman merely remarked, "Apres nous." And she and her husband subsequently prepared to eat their supper. It is rather trying to see somebody making an attack on a hearty meal while one has not tasted any food for a long time. So I demanded, in the name of the King, that we should be supplied with foodstuff immediately the more as I had every reason to believe the woman seemed to be unwilling to grant our wishes. The only answer she made was that if we were in want of food we should have to look for it ourselves and try to prepare it.

Scene Changes.

The situation was rather awkward, and I was wondering why these French peasantry were so extremely unkind towards British soldiers. Suddenly it entered my mind that perhaps she thought we were Germans, and at the same time I had something like a happy thought in order to prove that we were no enemies. One of our men, a tall, heavy chap, who was still outside the house, was ordered to substitute a German helmet for his own cap, and to knock at the door. He did, the door was opened, we dashed forward, and made "the German" a prisoner. The whole scene changed all of a sudden. The whole family embraced us, almost choked us. Food and wine and dainties were supplied at once, and we had a most glorious time.

SHEEP CARGO GIFT FROM AUSTRALIA.

Part Goes to Belgian Sufferers.

The Pastoralists Union, New South Wales, is organising gifts of sheep for the purposes of the British troops. Shipments will be made free per transport if available. A first instalment of 2000 carcases go forward at once. Bills of lading have been forwarded to the High Commissioner, London, with instructions that the shipments on arrival be handed over to the Imperial authorities.

While placing the consignment solely at the disposal of the Imperial Government, the donors have expressed a desire that a portion of the same might be made available for the relief of the sufferers in Belgium.

"His Majesty's Government is highly gratified by the most generous gift of the Pastoralists Union of New South Wales," is the message with which Mr Harcourt, the Colonial Secretary, accepts this splendid offer.

BOXING STARS DO THEIR BIT.

Clever Work at Glasgow Display.

Andrew Laurie, Govan A.A.C., by a smart bit of boxing won the 8 st. 4 lbs. competition at an exhibition given in Hengler's Circus, Glasgow, last night in aid of the Prince of Wales' Fund.

The exhibition was under the auspices of the Scottish Amateur Boxing and Gymnastic and Wrestling Association.

Dr J. G. Kerr, Principal of Alan Glen's School, presided.

There were two amateur competitions on the programme. Andrew Laurie, Govan A.A.C., won out in the 8 st. 4 lbs. competition, defeating D. Nicholson, of the Southern A.A.C., in the final, which proved to be very fast and enjoyable.

A. Muir, of the Scottish National, defeated R. Howat, of the same club, in the final bout of the 9 st. competition, after administering the k.o. to W. Struthers in the first round.

Jack Turner v. Eddie Beattie, Alex. Lafferty v. Ralph Marshal, Dan Flynn v. Dan M'Goldrick, and Johnny Best v. Jimmy Hughes provided grand bouts in their exhibitions, the first-mentioned being the best of the quartette.

Three special four-round fights were also down for decision, J. Monahan defeating F. M'Gurk, J. M'Donald getting the verdict over D. M'Donald, and J. M'Fadden being the victor over Archie Laurie.

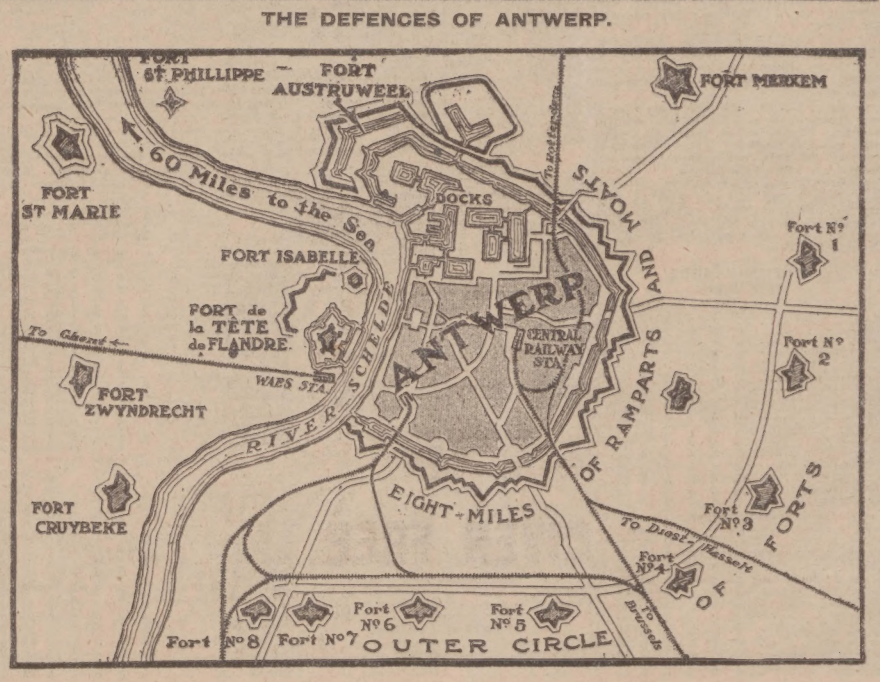
At the close it was announced that the sum of £75 would be handed over to the War Fund.

BELGIAN REFUGEES AT BANK OF ENGLAND.

An enormous crowd of Belgian refugees assembled at the Bank of England yesterday, waiting to change Belgian bank notes into English money.

So great was the number of people that the bank authorities decided to keep open until four o'clock. Seats were provided for them in the courtyard, and arrangements were made for supplying the people with light refreshments, and glasses of milk were supplied to those requiring them.

THE DEFENCES OF ANTWERP.



SUFFERINGS OF BELGIANS.

GERMANS SHOW NO MERCY.

ORGANISED MURDER AND PILLAGE.

The Press Bureau yesterday issued a translation of the fifth report of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry on the violation of the rules of international law and of the laws and customs of warfare.

The report states that the Belgian Army from September 10 to 14 drove back the German troops to Werchter and Vilvorde, allowing many witnesses to reach Antwerp. The murders, looting, rapes, attacks on persons and their goods only ceased when the Belgian forces entered Aerschot.

Prisoners Shot.

A wounded Belgian soldier states he was captured by the Germans on August 18, and brought, with twenty-seven other prisoners, by road along the Demer. Two German companies were placed there. All the prisoners were driven before them and shot. Those who, in order to escape bullets, jumped in the Demer were shot in the river.

The witness threw himself on the ground, simulating death.

A German soldier, noticing he was alive, prepared to shoot him. An officer interfered, saying the man was not worth a bullet, and ordered him to be thrown in the Demer.

The witness held on to the branches of a bush on the bank, and spent the whole night in the water, his head only emerging. Next morning he succeeded in escaping. Out of twenty-eight prisoners he and another man were the only survivors.

Wife of Burgomaster's Story.

The Germans alleged the crime of Aerschot was the reprisal for the murder of a German general by the son of the Burgomaster.

Corroborative evidence received established that the bullet which killed this officer came from German troops firing in the town.

Madame Tielmans, the widow of the unfortunate Burgomaster, states in a letter that her husband was distributing cigars to the soldiers when the firing occurred. Shortly afterwards an officer arrived, saying her husband was responsible, and took him away. Then her son was taken away, being kicked along. Madame Tielman and her daughter were removed to the Grand Place, where they saw the town burn.

There she saw, for the last time, towards one o'clock in the morning, father and son bound together, followed by her brother-in-law. They were being brought to their death.

Madame Tielmans declares there was not a weapon left in the house. A price had been put on her head, and she has been obliged to flee.

Ditches Filled With Dead.

In many of the country places around Aerschot, Diest, Malines, and Louvain, the report continues, disaster is still greater than in Aerschot. The inhabitants have taken refuge in the woods, without shelter and without food.

In ditches along the road are the dead bodies of peasants, women, and children murdered by the Germans. Many corpses have been thrown into the wells, contaminating the water.

Most of the male population were compelled to dig trenches, and others were frequently forced to walk in front of the German troops during the fights. Great numbers have not come back.

Outrages on Women.

Dealing with the sack of Louvain, the report states that during the whole of the time the German soldiery committed numerous outrages on women and young girls in Louvain and surrounding villages.

It may be considered an established fact that the German troops fired on each other. In one street alone a great shower of sixty dead Germans. It was a real panic, the officers losing all control over the men. Soon afterwards fires burst out from all parts. On the orders of the officers the soldiers fired the houses with the help of fuses, shooting the inhabitants who tried to escape. Many people were burnt alive.

Great numbers of inhabitants were packed in cattle trucks and sent to Cologne, being without food twenty-six hours. The day after arrival in Cologne they were sent back to Brussels, and later released at Malines.

Driven Like Cattle.

Women and children witnessed the execution of twenty fellow-citizens, including several priests, and were compelled to applaud the sham execution of the Vice-Rector of the University.

Afterwards old men, women, children, sick people, lunatics from asylums, priests, and nuns were brutally driven like cattle along the roads and forced to kneel and lift their arms each time they met German soldiers.

They were left without food or shelter by night. Many died on the way; others, unable to follow, were shot dead. Their sufferings were beyond description. Thirteen priests were shot in a pig sty, and some of them forced to strip naked.

They were all searched, and valuables stolen. They were also brutalised and beaten.

Organised Murder and Pillage.

The looting lasted eight days, and a letter found on a captured German soldier stated the officers led the way.

The suburb of Heveree was spared for reasons which they could not determine, but which some people assigned to the fact that Duc Darinberg, a German subject, had a considerable estate there.

Murder, pillage, and looting seem to have been methodically organised. Looting and burning are ordered by superior authorities. Part of the booty—apparently the greater part—is sent to Germany. Looting is nearly always followed by fires, designed often to hide traces of looting.

MR BALFOUR INSPECTS TROOPS.

Mr Balfour, who was accompanied by Lady Strathcona, inspected a troop of horse at Langley Park, Slough, yesterday. They were conducted round by Major Norton Griffiths, M.P.

The troops went through manœuvres, and made a charge.

Mr Balfour and Lady Strathcona afterwards witnessed an exhibition of lassooing, and examined the equipment.

40,000 RAILWAYMEN WITH THE COLOURS.

According to statistics gathered by the Railway News, it would appear that eleven of our railway systems have contributed over 35,000 men to the colours.

Allowing for figures of other companies not yet published, the total must be at least 40,000 for the United Kingdom. The London and North-Western head the list with 9,400 men, and next in order are the Great Western, 7500; North-Eastern, 5000; Midland, 3000; and Great Northern, 2500.

HEROES AT THE FRONT; HEROINES AT HOME.

DON'T MISS THE HEART-TOUCHING NARRATIVE.

HIS YOUNG WIFE AT HOME,

Telling of her brave struggles, her efforts to help others who, like herself, had son or husband in the firing line.

IT STARTS IN THE

RED LETTER

On Sale Wednesday, October 14.

Order Your Copy NOW. Price 1d.

SMART WORK BY AYR UNITED.

DUMBARTON DOWN HARD TO HAMILTON.

RANGERS' BRIGHT RECOVERY IN FIFE.

Hearts made no mistake against Motherwell. They won comfortably. They would have won by a bigger margin had all the gilt-edged chances been accepted.

They are once more well ahead of Celtic. Their lead in the League race is commanding. They had no difficulty in polishing off Motherwell. With their full team on Hearts showed many fine passages. Mercer returned to the middle line after weeks of absence. He touched a high standard, and good though Scott is the big fellow is better.

It was Hearts' middle line which played the deuce with Motherwell's attack. The Ironworkers were not difficult to hold. Whitehead was up against too strong a proposition. He did his best, but Mercer gave him no rope. Fairgray led several speedy runs on the wing, but the Motherwell attack never jointed, and the weakness which has been apparent all the season was again quite obvious.

Nor was the side specially well served at half-back. The men were eager enough, but their feeding was on the whole poor, and they were overmatched often by the subtlety and skill of the Hearts' five. Finlayson played a hard game, and was the most prominent of three under-standard men. Mair began well, but faded a bit. He is not the man he was. Hearts had a stunning defence—one of the best on view in all the games of the programme.

Boyd adds to his reputation. Crossan and Currie have developed a wonderful understanding, and the middle line is like a line of steel. Graham has many of Bobby Walker's tricks. Wattie and Low showed style and high ability on the right. Altogether the score scarcely reflected Hearts' superiority; for their old keeper Allan was constantly employed.

DUMBARTON'S COLLAPSE

The Sons of the Rock came a sad cropper at Douglas Park. After their eye-opener last week the Accies were regarded in some quarters as easy prey. But the Sons got a showing up which they will not forget in a hurry. They made their visit at full strength, and were accompanied by a big trainload of supporters, who quite expected to see their favourites bag another brace of points

But the fact of the matter was Boghead were never in it. Hamilton played round about them, and won with the greatest ease. Tom Robertson was referee. He was not popular with the Dumbarton crowd after he gave a penalty against M'Grory for barging down Stewart. They hissed and jeered him, cried to him to "Get off the field," and generally subjected the popular Tom to very unsportsman-like treatment. Robertson gave his decision without a moment's hesitation. And it was, without a doubt, a penalty. Stewart was brought down with great deliberation when he was going clean through.

A PROBABLE EXPLANATION.

On the Sons' form at Douglas Park it is difficult to understand why Hearts fell last week. The probable explanation is that they underestimated their opponents, and paid a common penalty In no department did Dumbarton impress. Hamilton were their betters at goal, back, half, and forward.

The fact is, the Sons caught the Accies in the mood—caught them in the mood when they (Dumbarton) were perhaps suffering a little from swelled head. The visitors played second-rate football, and were deservedly beaten. Hamilton gave one of their best displays of the season. The attack was nippy, although occasionally lacking in head. Stewart was the life and soul of it at inside right. And what must have been gall to the Boghead supporters was the knowledge that he is an old Dumbarton favourite. Kyle was the least effective of the forwards, and Husband the next. They made only a middling wing, and it is on the left flank the Accies need an addition of strength.

M'Namee was the best half-back on the field. He was a spoiler. He blotted out Rowan, of whom much was expected. M'Namee's only fault was a tendency to loft the ball. A junior last year, there are already more than one first-class English club anxious to get him.

THE "SONS" MAIN WEAKNESS.

Dumbarton's main weakness was in defence. Hamilton was right enough in goal, but he was ill-supported. Neither M'Grory nor Thomson was up to the mark. They faltered when pressed, and their returns were often ill-timed. M'Grory further spoiled the reputation built by him last week by too much man play. M'Fie was the pick of the "halves." He was the only one to show real head. The others booted the ball anyhow, and the forwards suffered accordingly.

There was no star in the van. Nor was their great cohesion. Rowan got few chances to show his power, and with him blanketed the whole line was out of gear. Watson was the smartest of the five, with Thom next. Travers disappointed, as, in truth, did the entire Dumbarton side, who, from one cause or more, never came near to the form which enabled them to break the Hearts' record.

THE "WARRIORS' FIGHT.

Third Lanark got a fright. At one stage of their game with Kilmarnock they looked the easiest of winners. With little more than fifteen minutes to go they were leading by three clear goals. It looked long odds on a comfortable win, but the Rugby Park men insisted on a strong finish, and they actually pulled down Thirds' lead to a single goal.

It was fine recovery work—work which the Warriors never indulge in. All the same, there was no doubt as to the superiority of the Cathkin men. It was marked, more or less, all through the field. They had the measure of their opponents, and had Killie managed to draw it would have been hard luck on the home lot.

It must be written, however, that Kilmarnock missed many likely chances, and that with a little more steadiness near goal they might have found the net before half-time.

Third's defence was sound, so sound that in the latter stages one or two of the defenders seemed inclined to take liberties. Gibb is a great catch. This young Cambuslang Ranger should pay his way worthily. The halves were good. Walker still promises well, and with the rough edges knocked off him should come pretty near the calibre of his famous brother. Hannah was masterful. He, with Riley and J. W. Smith on the left, made up a heady wing—no triangular wing which gave the Kilmarnock defence a great deal of trouble. Thirds' attack moved at times with unusual precision. Brown was on the slow side, but really there was little at which to grumble.

Kilmarnock were ably served by Cunningham in the van. He carried the others on his shoulders at times. Armour was a success, but the left wing was not quite up to concert pitch. Killie's defence was moderate. The half-backs often failed, due to the speedy work of the Cathkin left-wingers.

QUEEN'S WASH-OUT.

Queen's Park seem to be finding what some folk call their proper level.

A 6-2 defeat at Greenock was not expected by their supporters. But Morton played a very effective game. Their forwards gave the Spiders' defence no rest. Admitted that they were deucedly unlucky to lose their goalkeeper in the first half, there can be no two opinions as to Greenock's superiority. It was apparent in all departments. All the time Hampden halves were dreadfully worried, and on the run of things the Cappielow side was full value for all they got.

Queen's have played many clever games this season, but there is a growing suspicion that the side is just a little over-rated. This suspicion will get stronger after this thrashing. Morton's half-back line was always prominently in the picture. Its feeding was neat and sweet, and its stopping strong. It was the rock on which any hopes held by the Q.P. were rudely shattered. The Spiders' two goals were well earned enough, but from the start there was never a genuine doubt as to which team was the better.

Morton's attack was at times irresistible. Buchanan led the line with capital judgment. Sowerby and his mate made a very natty wing. May was at his best all through. Wright tackled and touched ahead like a book. The backs often took it easy. There was no rounding the fact that Queen's Park were up against a side that was their masters, goalkeeper off or goalkeeper on. Queen's have been lucky in the League. Morton did not undervalue them, as some teams have done, and the result is amply borne out in the 6-2 score. Morton are one of the most precise moving teams in the struggle. They should finish high, taking them in form against Queen's Park and Rangers.

Dundee made a wonderful recovery. After last week's heavy fall few, if any, expected them to score a success against Falkirk. True, the Bairns have not come up to expectations this season. They are missing Croal, without a doubt, and it is in the attack where the Brockville weakness lies. Dundee certainly deserved to win on the come and go, but the Bairns lost many chances, and their impotence left them goalless at the close. The absence of Gibbons was felt, but that in itself ought not to have been sufficient to warrant a win for Dundee. It was not a great game, but it was clean and interesting. Neither side impressed greatly at any time. Both back divisions were sound enough. Falkirk's intermediate line did not live up to its reputation. Dundee's alteration in goal made for improvement, but although the game was won by the Dundonians their forward formation leaves a good deal to be desired. Fancy Falkirk missing a penalty! And then the Bairns were also without Donaldson, and Reilly got hurt, and had to retire.

It was a bad day for Falkirk. Dundee needed the points. And in fairness to them it should be stated that they played subs for Balfour, Thomson, Millar, and Montgomery. Some of these alterations were made to secure improvement on the Celtic show. Hogg continues to maintain capital form.

RANGERS' REVIVAL.

Rangers got home at Stark's Park. And they deserved to. Rovers played dashing football, but they lost their heads in the danger zone. The Light Blues owe their victory to that, and to improvement in their work generally. The points keep the Rangers full in the race, and with a maintenance of their Fife form, the top of the table should show interesting developments before the New Year.

Logan's absence was not felt. Neither was the absence of Lock, Reid, or Bowie. Gordon made a forcible centre, and Brown was quite at home at right half. Pursell gave a very good display, and the middle line was as strong a line as any. Hendry gave a taste of his true form, and Hendry in form meant that the Raith right was not often in the picture. Kelso touched class, and with Craig made up a very powerful back division. There was no doubt that the better side won—the better balanced side, the side that used their brains to most advantage. Rangers' play was far in advance of that against Morton. And it was well that it was; for Rovers played by no means a bad game, and made the Ibrox team go every inch of the way for the points. Bennett's opening goal was a gem. The play which led up to it gave a glimpse of Alick at his very best. All on his own, he waded through the opposition, and beat Wallace to the wide. It was magnificent, and it was football pure and simple. Gordon's winning goal was also a brilliant affair, and worthy of a man of his reputation.

CELTIC CATCH IT.

Ayr United had ample revenge. Their victory over Celtic was in good keeping with their rise in the football world. It is not doing them an injustice to say that an Ayr victory was not generally expected. And on the run of the play the United hardly deserved to bag the lot. A draw would have been a fair reflection of the game. Nor was it a game which touched the best standard. It was too strenuous to be clever, although there were several fine individual movements of the finest kind.

The United made the pace, they maintained it, holding their famous opponents in a manner which must have been disturbing to the Celts. Generally speaking, the match was not strong in outstanding features. At one time Ayr lost Lyall for a time. Even so, they never looked like losing, and justified the verdict already passed upon them that they are one of the most improved teams in the tournament.

In defence both teams swung high. It was, in fact, a game of defences. Each attack was more or less over-shadowed by superior rearguard play. Ayr have a stunning defence. When it is said that it is quite on a par with Celts then its character may be correctly gauged. Dainty was in his place again. He is after a business in Dundee, and will get it. This will not necessitate his leaving the United. The Directors have granted him leave which will enable him to do his work in both places, and his contract with Ayr United does not expire till April 30, 1916, by which date Herbert will very likely be anxious to retire from first-class football.

St Mirren's victory was clearly merited. They were the masters of the Hibs, playing cleverly in the van. It was their natty footwork—close give and take—which upset the Edinburgh apple-cart to the extent of four goals. Saints' attack—Sowerby, Brannick, Clark, Page, and Brown—was splendid. Hibs' forwards degenerated, and frittered away three or four chances. Their defence was powerful, but was worn down by the slickness of the Saints. St Mirren should stick to this side. Hibs could do with a liberal dash of new blood in their van.

Airdrieonians made amends for past failures by a well-earned 3-0 win over Aberdeen. The Dons were outclassed—that is the long and the short of it. Airdrie did not show a weak spot. Mackie's return was welcomed, and with the home halves striking form Reid & Co. were more effective. Colman for once was off song.

THE FINAL.

It would have been hard cheese if Clyde had been shunted. With Fleming absent in the second half, and the stalwart M'Andrew moving to the van, Thistle had a distinct advantage. But fate and a splendid defence enabled the Reds to make a very creditable draw of it against odds.

The game was quite good for a final. It was as good and interesting a Glasgow Cup final as has been seen for years. Interest was high, the pace was a scorcher, and incident was well maintained. Clyde certainly looked the likelier lot in the first half. They moved with better precision, and were more dangerous near goal. Allan's effective drive was magnificent. It was a first-timer, pushed in low and hard, giving Campbell not the ghost of a chance.

When misfortune fell upon the Clyde in the last stage, Thistle piled on the pressure. They moved at high speed, and with great daring, making rings at times round the defending Reds. But the Shawfield lot were made of stubborn stuff. They stood up stoutly and whole-heartedly to brisk and bracing attacks, and that only one goal was chronicled by Thistle—who had lots of chances—speaks volumes for the tenacity of Clyde's defence, who worried the Jags into a deal of missing.

M'Turk, Gilligan, and M'Andrew were class in the rear, and Allan smart in the van. J. M. Young, Hynd, Branscombe, M'Millan, and Morrison were best for Thistle, whose wonderful virility in the second half was refreshing. They should just about win the replay on Tuesday.

UP TO DATE.

The League race up-to-date shows Hearts well in front. They are five points in advance of Celtic, Rangers, and Ayr United, with a match more played than the Parkhead club. Ayr's position is very satisfactory. Morton are also in the running, and relatively regarded are in a more favourable position than any club, bar, of course, the leaders. Kilmarnock cannot get away from the foot, and Motherwell seem destined to keep them company.

A suggestion! Wouldn't it be a magnanimous action on the part of Clyde and Partick Thistle to hand over the proceeds of their replayed Cup tie on Tuesday, either to the Prince of Wales' Fund or the fund in being for the relief of the Belgians? One "gate" in a time like this, especially when it touches the £600 mark, is good finance.

FLASHED DIRECT FROM SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH PAVILIONS.

EXPERTS RUSH THROUGH THEIR LATEST GLEANINGS.

Hearts are still beating.

Did Partick Thistle deserve to win the Glasgow Cup? Yes. And they will. Settled.

Donald Colman thinks that Milne and Hogg, or rather Hogg and Milne, will be Dundee's right wing before long. Both are "Billies."

Didn't you think M'Tavish overdid the tricky business against Clyde? One at a time is good fishing. See what I mean?

It used to be "Keep your eye on Paisley." Now it's "Keep your eye on Ayr." But how can you?

Eight goals for sixpence. This is what Morton enthusiasts got for their money. Cheap at the price.

If the Hibs' defenders don't look at their laurels they will cease to be recognised as "the finest defence in Scotland." St Mirren, 4; Hibs, 2, tells its own story.

Jimmy Robertson, Falkirk's tip-top centre forward, is under the care of an Edinburgh specialist. The more he trains, it would seem, the more flesh he puts on.

Fred Martin will have something to do to displace Fletcher Welsh from the centre forward position of the Raith team. The youngster played well against the Light Blues.

There were, approximately, 25,000 at Ibrox. The gates clicked to the tune of £600. Yet they are designing upon a reduction of players' wages?

Willie Loney is still a great force in Scottish football. He has a "nut," and there's a kernel in it. You pick up so many empty ones, don't you?

Why is it that Jimmy Reid, of Airdrie, is not setting the heather on fire this season? Why is it that Willie Reid, of Rangers, is in the same boat? Ask them.

Would Mr Edward Tarbet sign on Willie Whittle if he got the chance—now? I am not querulous, but I am curious. What a centre he will be yet! No good at Cathkin, though.

Purcell played a great game for Rangers at centre half against Raith. Evidently we are in for a tussle between Logan and the ex-Queen's Parker for the position. Competition is the life of everything.

Jimmy Galt is playing great football for Everton. He contributed very materially to Bradford's defeat at Goodison Park by 4-1. I think they regret at Ibrox parting with big Jimmy. He is a great half-back.

There was an argument in the press box as to the exact time Clyde and Partick Thistle faced each other in the second half. This is official—4 hours, 37 mins., 9 secs. I've got a "watch."

Alick Jackson has very greatly improved as a referee. Once upon a time he wasn't very much in favour, but a single decision of his in the Glasgow Cup final was challenged by the crowd, in the crowd's usual way.

Jock Hume, of Aberdeen, deserves a nod from the selectors. Since he was signed, consequent upon Hannah's departure for the fighting line, he has played great football, and against Airdrie put up a magnificent game. Jock still sticks lovingly to Broxburn.

The Glasgow Cup final was really good. What a rousing second half it was!

Fancy Bulloch missing a penalty! I'll see him about the matter.

I learn that Rangers have been asked by Hull City regarding Scott Duncan's transfer, but nothing has been settled—owing to the war.

I didn't think Fred Gibson would have been playing for Raith against Rangers. There was fluid in his knee on Thursday.

Dumbarton are not on the rocks. Nearly a thousand of their supporters travelled to Hamilton.

Wanted—A little consideration for Whittle. Inside forwards placing the ball too far ahead. Improvement wanted on Tuesday.

The reason why Celtic lost at Ayr? Their forwards were poor. Of course, they had three half-backs up against them who are not exactly dummies.

Raith were quite confident that they would beat Rangers. Certainly they put up a great fight, but the Light Blues are not the decadent lot which so many people suppose.

M'Turk's goalkeeping was simply superb. His anticipation was—well, I don't have a suitable adjective handy. He was accorded the honours of the day at Ibrox.

At Dundee West Station the Tayside players were out to get a point. When they got to Perth they changed their mind. They were out for two. They took them home.

Why is it that Partick get so much support at Ibrox? Why such a roar when they equalised? Why such a squeak when Clyde opened the scoring?

Would you believe it, that Partick Thistle actually received for Marshall's transfer a cheque for £1300? That's absolute truth. I could tell you what Marshall got, but I won't.

Law, who used to be at Ibrox, has not exactly taken the law into his own hands, but he has asked Leeds City to place him on the transfer list. No, he is not coming back to Ibrox.

It's a mighty good job Dundee beat Falkirk. If they hadn't, there would have been a roup at Dens Park. A hint. Keep your eyes on these "dark blues." Mind, am tellin' ye.

There was quite a crowd of Rangers enthusiasts at Queen Street when the team returned. "Good old Light Blues!" was the cry. They shout something else when a defeat has to be recorded.

What did you think of the Rangers' front line against Raith?—Duncan, Bennett, Gordon, Cairns, and Paterson. Compare it with Bennett, Bowie, Reid, Cairns, and Smith. Which would you have?

Our old Greenock Morton friend, George Morrell, has made up his mind thus early that Woolwich Arsenal are going up next session. His team is certainly "Studying" hard. They have but to keep it up.

His old clubmate, Johnny May, suggested that Gordon should be tried forward. The Ibrox Directors fell in with the idea, and they had their reward against Raith Rovers. Jimmy was quite a success.

You cannot sit on the Thistle.

The best result of the day was Ayr United's triumph over Celtic.

Willie Barr, of Raith Rovers, is putting his boys through a course of Swedish drill. He firmly believes in its value.

Pat Allan scored for Clyde in the Glasgow Cup final before several thousands of people had "set their watches."

Verdict wanted. Did Tom Robertson referee well the Hamilton v. Dumbarton match? He did.

Walter R. Knox, the British Olympic coach, has sailed from the Clyde on leave till Christmas.

M'Turk was "Antwerped" at Ibrox, but he didn't capitulate until the final whistle had almost blown.

Queen's Park were absolutely washed out at Cappielow. When the sugar men got three on Queen's seemed to think it wasn't worth while bothering.

St Mirren seem to have come into their own. Charlie Duncan told me that one day there would be a splash. There was one at Love Street, and Hibs were swamped.

Willie Nicol, of Falkirk, must be in a perplexing frame of mind just now. He thinks he has got the stuff, and yet his boys are defeated at Brockville by Dundee.

To all inquiring friends, Harold Paul and Hector Mackenzie are going strong. They are liking the military routine, and they only wish they had more of their pals in khaki.

Hogg told me at the West Station that he was certain—as certain, at least, as you can be in football—that the Bairns would weep today. You can almost hear them crying.

Wasn't you a marvellous overhead effort to score of Pat Allan's in the Glasgow Cup final? It will be a day or two before I forget it.

Did you notice that Ayr United's defence has only been pierced seven times? For much of the credit Herbert Dainty is due the lion's share. He's a wonderful defender.

Who is the Scottish centre forward who has been "interviewed" by his Directors? Evidently there was cause for complaint, but things are going along now all right, thank you!

The one particular team in England whose erratic doings I cannot understand is Bury. I earnestly trust they have not made a cemetery of their hopes of returning to the upper circle.

Bradford City look like being a great Cup tie team. Lots of things might happen, of course, between now and—the day! but their beating of the strong-going Villa is rather significant.

I can't say at the moment whether Ratler Mackenzie ever played in any other but the full back position, but I think I should make an effort to secure a position for him in the Partick team.

"Shooglie" Walker would have liked to have had one of his carrier pigeons to send to Bridgeton the final result. Remember this, however, "A doo in the dookit is worth two on the wing."

WILL THEY BE SMILING ON TUESDAY NIGHT?

The Partick players, despite the fact that it took them so long to equalise, consider that they should have beat Clyde at Ibrox. Our snapshot shows—Joe Harris, Branscombe, M'Tavish, Neil Harris, and Loney.

Before Billy Hogg took the field on Monday against Dumbarton he received a wire that his father-in-law had died. No wonder his play was affected. Against Falkirk, however, he was positively brilliant.

Did you see J. M. Young picking up that penny at Ibrox after he had that terrific drive for goal? He threw it to, or at a, "copper." I couldn't tell which. It went to the Belgian Fund.

I noticed Jimmy Logan at Ibrox. You ought to have seen him struggle to board a car after the match. He remined me of our friend Hackinsticks. But, Jimmy, do be careful of my corns in the future.

Say, write, or think what you like, but Clark, of St Mirren, is going to be the centre forward of the future. He got three goals against Hibs, and against such stalwarts as Girdwood and Templeton, it takes a bit of doing.

There is some word of Glossop bursting up. I don't think my friend, Mr Sam Hill Wood, M.P., will allow such a calamity to come to pass. He has stood well by the club, and I don't think he will desert it now in their hour of trial.

At four o'clock exactly—Greenwich, not Greenock, time—Pat Allan missed one of the greatest pinches of the match at Ibrox. It was to his club like the fall of Antwerp. Pat's siege gun wasn't in position. That was what was wrong

Why is Andrew Cunningham neglected by the Scottish selectors? Teams, Scottish and English, are strong to secure his services, yet honours come not his way. Has Andrew no friend at court?

Honestly, I don't think there's any team to beat Hearts in the race for the League championship. Funny, isn't it, that I don't fancy them as a Cup tie team? Tommy Gracie, by the way, did awful well against Motherwell. He did not half hit the leather.

Johnny May was certain that Morton would beat Queen's Park. He saw them on Tuesday and had things pretty well weighed up. I must drop him a post card. He is a prophet with a vengeance—Morton, 6; Queen's, 2. Phew!

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Hearts	10	9	1	0	23	5	18
Rangers	10	6	2	2	15	8	14
Celtic	10	5	2	3	25	12	13
Ayr United	10	6	3	1	15	7	13
Morton	9	4	3	2	21	16	12
St. Mirren	9	4	3	2	16	17	10
Airdrieonians	9	4	3	2	9	9	10
Third Lanark	10	5	4	1	19	12	9
Dundee	10	3	4	3	18	21	9
Dumbarton	10	3	4	3	18	21	9
Aberdeen	10	2	3	4	10	12	8
Hibs	11	2	5	4	11	20	8
Hamilton Academicals	9	3	4	2	13	15	8
Falkirk	9	3	5	1	9	11	7
Clyde	9	3	4	2	8	17	8
Queen's Park	9	2	4	3	14	18	7
Raith Rovers	10	3	5	2	12	16	8
Motherwell	10	3	6	1	14	19	7
Partick Thistle	7	3	4	0	11	14	6
Kilmarnock	9	2	7	0	10	18	4

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Clydebank	7	5	1	1	19	9	11
Cowdenbeath	7	4	0	3	16	6	11
Leith	7	5	2	1	12	8	9
St. Johnstone	7	3	1	3	19	14	9
St. Bernard	8	4	4	0	12	10	8
Dunfermline Athletic	6	3	2	1	13	13	7
East Stirlingshire	6	2	1	3	8	6	7
Abercorn	7	2	2	3	10	12	7
Albion Rovers	8	2	5	1	7	17	5
Dundee Hibernian	8	2	5	1	13	22	5
Vale of Leven	6	1	3	2	9	11	4
Johnstone	6	1	3	2	12	18	4
Lochgelly	6	1	4	1	7	17	3
Arthurlie	6	0	3	3	9	12	3

LEADING RESULTS.

GLASGOW CUP.
Final.

Partick Thistle ..... 1 Clyde, ... 1

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

Airdrieonians ..... 3 Aberdeen 0
Ayr United ..... 1 Celtic 0
Hamilton Acas. ..... 4 Dumbarton 1
Falkirk ..... 0 Dundee 1
Motherwell ..... 1 Hearts 4
St Mirren ..... 4 Hibernian 2
Third Lanark ..... 3 Kilmarnock 2
Clyde ..... 0 Queen's Park 2
Raith Rovers ..... 1 Rangers 2

Second Division.

Dundee Hibs. ..... 1 St Bernard 0
Leith ..... 0 Cowdenbeath 1
Cowdenbeath ..... 1 East Stirlingshire 1
Lochgelly United ..... 1 Albion Rovers 0
Dunfermline Athletic ..... 3 Abercorn 0
Clydebank ..... 5 Johnstone 1
Arthurlie ..... 2 St Johnstone 2

ENGLISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

Bradford City ..... 3 Aston Villa 0
Sheffield United ..... 2 Burnley 1
Chelsea ..... 1 Liverpool 1
Everton ..... 4 Bradford 1
Manchester City ..... 1 Newcastle United 1
Notts County ..... 3 Blackburn Rovers 0
Sheffield Wednesday ..... 1 Manchester United 0
Sunderland ..... 4 Bolton Wanderers 3
Tottenham Hotspur ..... 3 Middlesbrough 1
West Bromwich A. ..... 0 Oldham Athletic 0

Second Division.

Arsenal ..... 2 Clapton Orient 1
Birmingham ..... 0 Stockport County 0
Blackpool ..... 3 Notts Forest 0
Bristol City ..... 3 Glossop 1
Bury ..... 1 Barnsley 2
Derby County ..... 1 Leeds City 2
Grimsby Town ..... 1 Fulham 0
Huddersfield Town ..... 2 Wolverhampton Wan. 0
Lincoln City ..... 2 Hull City 0
Preston North End ..... 1 Leicester Fosse 0

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Gillingham ..... 4 Swindon Town 0
Brighton and Hove A. ..... 1 Portsmouth 0
Cardiff City ..... 2 Luton Town 0
Crystal Palace ..... 0 Exeter City 0
Norwich City ..... 1 Southend United 1
West Ham United ..... 2 Queen's Park Rangers 2
Plymouth Argyle ..... 0 Millwall Athletic 0
Watford ..... 2 Bristol Rovers 0
Northampton ..... 2 Croydon Common 2
Southampton ..... 2 Reading 0

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.
Replay.

Ashfield ..... 1 Strathclyde 0

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Parkhead ..... 4 Maryhill 0
Glencairn ..... 3 Benburb 1
Cambuslang Rangers ..... 3 Vale of Clyde 0
Clydebank Juniors ..... 3 Glasgow Perthshire 0
Shettleston ..... 1 Kirkintilloch Rob Roy 0

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP.
Third Round.

Pollok ..... 1 Petershill 3

RESERVE LEAGUE.

Queen's Park Strollers ..... 2 Ayr United A. 0
Dumbarton Harp ..... 0 Partick Thistle A. 0
Kilmarnock A. ..... 3 Raith Rovers A. 0
Galston ..... 3 Falkirk A. 0

QUALIFYING CUP.
Third Round—Undecided.

Dykehead ..... 1 Steveuston United 0
King's Park ..... 1 Alloa Athletic 1

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Forfar Athletic ..... 4 Armadale 2
Clackmannan ..... 1 Bo'ness 1
East Fife ..... 1 Montrose 0
Dundee A. ..... 3 Stenhousemuir 1

Strange, isn't it, that Tom Robertson, one of the most robust players of his time, should be such a strict disciplinarian as a referee? What a barracking he got at Hamilton! It was wholly undeserved, however.

What team was it whose players had something in the nature of a scrap the other evening? The Directors have got to know about it, but up till now there's "nothin' doin'."

W. R. Applegarth has turned professional, and has issued a challenge to any man for 100 yards level in the world. Our athletic expert advises us that it is a £100 to an orange on Jock Donaldson beating Applegarth.

The next change in the Hamilton team will be on the left wing. Kyle, according to a leading Director, requires a rest. Alick Raisbeck has his eye on Archie's successor, whom he regards as the equal of Kyle in his best days.

If anyone wants to argue the point with you you can definitely declare to him, or to those whom it concerns, that Whittle scored the equalising goal at eight minutes past five. The ball went into the net as if it had come from a 4.7 gun.

I had quite an interesting chat at Ibrox with an Englishman who desires that his identity should be concealed. Yes, he is connected with the football business. "A beautiful back that Gilligan," was one of his eulogies. Who was he after, I wonder?

A chap called asking that I should give a verdict as to whether Milligan had the ball over the line when Referee Jackson waved his hands and urged the player to "go on" in the Glasgow final. I think I had better leave it to the referee.

Have you heard yet when Dainty is likely to sever his association with Ayr? It will have to be, sooner or later, according to the usually well-informed correspondents. What a toff is Herbert! Would that all players were of his type.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Manchester City	7	6	0	2	12	5	12
Oldham Athletic	7	5	1	1	18	11	11
Sheffield Wednesday	8	5	2	1	19	10	11
Middlesbrough	7	5	1	1	14	10	9
Everton	8	4	1	3	15	7	9
Blackburn Rovers	8	3	3	2	15	13	8
Newcastle United	8	3	3	2	10	6	8
West Bromwich A.	8	3	3	2	12	9	8
Bradford City	8	3	2	3	11	11	7
Sunderland	7	3	3	1	14	15	7
Aston Villa	7	3	3	1	9	14	7
Burnley	7	3	3	1	8	8	7
Sheffield United	7	2	2	3	8	8	7
Bolton Wanderers	9	2	5	2	23	23	6
Notts County	7	2	3	2	10	11	6
Liverpool	8	2	4	2	12	23	6
Chelsea	7	2	3	2	8	15	6
Manchester United	7	2	4	1	7	11	5
Tottenham Hotspur	8	1	4	3	11	18	5
Bradford	7	1	5	0	8	20	4

Second Division

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Woolwich Arsenal	8	5	1	2	17	4	12
Huddersfield	8	5	1	2	15	9	12
Preston North End	8	4	1	3	13	8	11
Bristol City	7	5	2	0	13	6	10
Bury	7	5	2	0	15	11	10
Clapton Orient	8	4	2	2	10	7	10
Barnsley	7	4	2	1	7	4	9
Fulham	8	4	3	1	12	10	9
Grimsby Town	8	4	3	1	8	7	9
Wolverhampton Wan.	8	3	3	2	8	10	8
Stockport County	8	3	3	2	6	9	8
Derby County	7	3	3	1	13	7	7
Hull City	8	3	5	0	9	8	6
Birmingham	8	2	4	2	10	10	6
Notts Forest	8	2	4	2	11	18	6
Leeds City	8	3	5	1	9	15	6
Lincoln City	8	2	5	1	10	17	5
Blackpool	8	2	5	1	11	13	5
Leicester Fosse	8	1	6	1	5	13	3
Glossop	8	0	6	2	8	19	3

THE RACE FOR THE ENGLISH FLAG.

OLDHAM CHALLENGE MANCHESTER'S LEAD.

EVERTON SCORE ANOTHER BIG VICTORY.

Manchester City are still undefeated, and hold on well to the lead. Newcastle United gave them a fright by making a draw of it at Hyde Road. Oldham Athletic—one of the most improved teams in the tournament—are close on the Manchester men's heels. Their draw at the Hawthorns was a very creditable performance. Everton continued their good form by administering a severe whacking to Bradford, and going well up the table, and also in the estimation of their supporters.

Burnley, the Cupholders, continue to disappoint, and to go steadily down. Aston Villa are flattering to deceive, and their place in the race is not at all gratifying to a club of their wealth and reputation. Bradford City redeemed past errors by whipping the Villans by three clear goals. Notts County are showing their fitness for the best company by drawing with Blackburn Rovers. Chelsea have managed a win at last, and Bradford, one of the newcomers, go to the bottom, where on their form they deserve to be.

EVERTON, ... 4
BRADFORD, ... 1

At Goodison Park, before 15,000 spectators. Everton were at full strength. Bradford were without Beauchop, Jobey taking his place, and Garry going back. After six minutes Parker scored. Play was afterwards fast and even, but both sides missed chances. Everton assumed the upper hand, and Galt scored a second and Parker a third. Half-time—Everton, 3; Bradford, 0.

On resuming, Everton again had the best of matters, but the inside men failed to take advantage of the openings presented to them by really fine centres from the wing forwards. Bradford did better, and Little narrowly missed, but, generally, the Everton defence was too strong. The visiting defence was also good, but Everton missed numerous chances. Chedgzoy, however, scored a fourth goal. Smith scored for Bradford with a good shot.

SHEFFIELD UNITED, ... 2
BURNLEY, ... 1

At Turf Moor, Burnley; before nearly 20,000 spectators; in fine weather and on a good surface. The opening exchanges favoured Sheffield, who forced the game, and were frequently dangerous, but their shooting was wide. Play was fast, exciting, and victorious. Vigorous attacks were made at both ends, and the defence was sterling. Burnley improved as the game progressed, and two good chances were missed. The goalkeeping at both ends was dexterous and alert. Interval:—No scoring.

In a few minutes in the second half Freeman for Burnley missed an easy chance. The attack was kept up by Burnley, who bombarded strongly, but the shots were ill directed. After a quarter of an hour, from a strongly-disputed corner, Fazackerly scored for Sheffield, who continued to press menacingly. Burnley tried hard to equalise, and attacked strongly, but the defence was stubborn close on time. Kitchen added a second for Sheffield, and one minute later Freeman scored for Burnley.

NOTTS COUNTY, ... 1
BLACKBURN ROVERS, ... 1

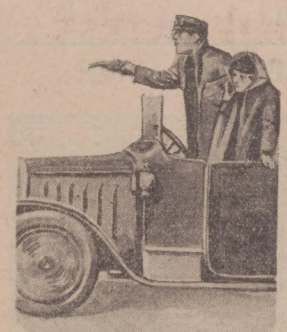
In fair weather, at Nottingham, before 15,000 spectators. Perry was substituted for Morley, injured, in the Notts team. Play was very fast and clever on both sides. Henshall early threatening danger for Notts and Simpson for Rovers, the latter having rather the better of the earlier exchanges. Ironmonger saved many hot shots. Perry also accomplished excellent work. Latheron was conspicuously smart for the visitors. Flint scored for Notts after thirty-eight minutes. Interval—Notts, 1; Blackburn, 0.

The County maintained the pressure upon resuming. Peart going near. Subsequently Blackburn were seen to much greater advantage, their forwards combining finely. Simpson, then Dawson, being especially adroit. Notts' defence, however, as in the first half, proved very sound, the intermediate line

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

Suspense, fear, and anxiety for weeks have been the lot of many whose dear ones were detained in Germany when the war began. This brilliant narrative is related by a well-known author who obtained details for many of the exploits from a distinguished courier and Continental traveler of wide experience. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, this modern knight errant has brought joy to many British homes by conducting refugees through the lines of the enemy to the safety of our shores and their own homes.



The Beginning of the Story.

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, undertakes the task of going to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart,

Ellice Remington, the daughter of a wealthy engineer. Ellice had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of

Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Gaylor is in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities received a mysterious code telegram announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by

Herr Baumeister, who is chief of the German spy organisation, and whom Dick Carrick runs up against shortly after his arrival in Belgium.

Dick tells Baumeister that he escaped from the British lines at Ostend, and, speaking in excellent German, pretends that he is Hans Fleischmann, and is attached to the spy department. His deception is discovered, however, and he is ordered to be hung at daybreak, but manages to escape from under the very nose of Baumeister, dressed in the uniform of a German soldier and with the chief spy's private portfolio.

Jumping into the driving seat of Baumeister's motor car, Dick drives to the station on the frontier, where there is railway communication with Berlin.

The production of Baumeister's portfolio, with his name upon it, ensures instant attention when he gets to the station, and to his delight and joy he finds that a special train is waiting for the all-important man who has under his control the vast network of German spies which envelop the whole of Europe and Britain.

"Herr Baumeister is detained. I am to take his portfolio through to Berlin. See, here it is," says Dick to the stationmaster with all the effrontery in the world. "Start the train at once!"

Such is the power of the chief spy's name, such is the power of a military uniform, and such is the assurance of Dick, that he actually finds himself seated in the one luxurious saloon attached to this engine, with right-of-way to Berlin.

And as the train starts out on its long journey to the capital of Germany Dick Carrick lies back in the corner and laughs.

"I should just like to know how they are accounting for the disappearance of the car and Herr Baumeister's portfolio, and what they thought of those two soldiers whom I laid out," he reflects. "I'll bet there are some secrets in that portfolio if I could only get to see. By Jove, I will; I'll open it when it's served its purpose."

At Cologne Dick steps out to stretch himself on the platform, wondering how long the train will wait.

But to his surprise he has no sooner set foot on the platform than he sees standing opposite to him Herr Baumeister himself, with a malicious grin on his face. And behind him stands—a file of soldiers!

In the Lion's Den.

"So, my friend, we meet again," said Baumeister, speaking, of course, in German. His white teeth showed evenly and meaningly in a smile which was evil and threatening. "A very nice little scheme, and very well carried out. Shoot him if he moves an inch!"

The soldiers' rifles were levelled at Dick, who stood with his back to the train. The platform was cleared of onlookers, and, besides the file of soldiers confronting him, Dick's quick eye saw that each end of the platform was guarded. Escape seemed impossible; he was here in the hands of Baumeister again.

"Very ingenious," went on Baumeister, speaking slowly and as if enjoying the situation, for now he had his victim in his own hands, and he licked his lips as if enjoying himself.

"I can see just how it was done—the bogus message to my personal attendant. You took my portfolio and drove to the station yourself, of course. Ah, well, thank you!"

He took the portfolio from Dick's hand, who had never let it go, even though he was by himself in the carriage, for he looked upon it as a sort of passport.

Catching hold of Dick's arm, he moved him on a step or two, waving back the soldiers, and then suddenly he stopped and pointed to the barrier at the end of the platform, crowded by soldiers, and spoke in a stern, low, threatening voice.

"It's all over Cologne by now, the tale of the British spy," he said, "the spy who would arrive in Herr Baumeister's special train. Yes, I'm no fool. I caused that to be telegraphed in case my aeroplane didn't arrive here as soon as the train with you inside it."

He poked a finger into Dick's ribs.

"And I also gave instructions that you were not to be arrested; you were to be allowed to alight from the train, and then—well, I know my German citizens of Cologne—you would have been torn to pieces. The death of a spy is not a pleasant one.

"But I arrived in time. Ah, you forgot the little aeroplane, eh, my friend? And now, behind that barrier, beyond those soldiers, still waits the crowd of German citizens. They know that a spy is here. I have only to say to my soldiers, 'Let him pass. He is free!' and into the crowd goes the spy. You understand, eh? Shall I do that?"

For a second Dick Carrick's heart went sick within him. He knew that he would be literally torn to pieces if he were sent out into the crowd of which he could just catch a glimpse behind the grey German uniforms.

"As you wish, Herr Baumeister," he said. "If you would kill a peaceful German citizen, do so. You have taken it for granted that I am a British spy, but you have not yet allowed me to tell you why I have done all this. Listen! Take me where you like, only let me speak to you privately. Listen to what I have to say, and then if you don't believe me, well, have me hanged. But I shall have done my duty for the Fatherland."

There was a pleading sincerity of passion, of truth, in Dick's voice, and Baumeister began to wonder. The man was so much in earnest, his accent was so perfect, he looked a German; perhaps there might after all be something in what he said.

"Search him!" he said, calling one of the soldiers forward. "See that he has no weapons on him. Good! Now, then, into the car with him!"

A motor car was drawn up near the platform, and into this Dick was pushed. Baumeister got in and sat opposite to him, drawing a revolver from his hip pocket and laying it across his knees; and on each side of Dick was a soldier with upright rifle.

The car drove out through the station gates, and in spite of the line of soldiers that kept the people back, there arose a roar and a sound of hooting and groaning that made Dick's blood run cold.

But on he drove out into the streets of Cologne his brain was working with feverish rapidity. He had had a respite. He had fully expected to be shot or killed on the spot somehow. He was safe for the time; but still he was in custody, and there was no escape from this car.

Brave, nimble in mind, secure in his knowledge of German, and his by no means inconsiderable powers of acting, yet Dick did not possess the inventive faculty for such a huge fiction as would enable him to construct a plausible tale that would gain credence.

"Now, my friend," said Herr Baumeister, who had been sitting silent with half closed eyes through which he was all the while examining Dick, while Dick knew it and sat without a muscle of his face moving, "you and I will have a little talk together. Help him out!"

The car had stopped in one of the main streets at the Stadthaus, the headquarters of official life in the town, and Dick was escorted upstairs, with a soldier on each side of him, and taken up in a lift to a room at the very top floor.

"All right, you can go now," said Baumeister to the soldiers. "Stand outside the door and wait."

The two soldiers retired and Baumeister stood alone facing Dick.

"Now come, let's hear what you've got to say," said Baumeister, after a couple of seconds' pause. "You were clever enough to escape from the soldiers, but you can't escape here. If you attempt to jump from the window you'll break your neck and outside the door are my soldiers still on guard. Now come, how much will you take for what information you have? What is it to be—tell the truth and receive a reward or be hanged out of hand? Which?"

Dick Carrick was silent. He was in a trap, and he knew it. Whatever his answer was he knew the verdict would be against him. He could read Baumeister like a book. The chief of the Secret Service Department meant to have him killed. He knew that. And then before him there rose the pretty, sweet face of Ellice—Ellice who was missing, who could not be traced—Ellice whom he had sworn to rescue. And here he was hours and hours away from Berlin.

Dick was standing sideways just by the window and his eyes involuntarily looked out as if to catch a last glimpse of the bright blue sky. For he knew that he was going to risk what was practically certain death—he an unarmed man against another with a revolver and two soldiers waiting outside who at the least sound or noise would doubtless fling themselves into the room.

Even if he succeeded in overpowering Baumeister without any disturbance—which was not very likely—how would he get past those soldiers? Oh, well, he would have a fight for it anyway!

But even as he looked out of the window he saw something which sent a thought, an inspiration, leaping through his mind, and he changed his tactics at once.

A Desperate Leap.

Dick Carrick's face worked as if he were about to burst into tears, and he sank on to his knees before Baumeister, the very picture of a dejected, humbled man pleading, begging for mercy.

"Yes, yes, yes, I'm British, I'm British," he moaned, "and I'll confess everything if only you'll spare my life."

"So! so!" Herr Baumeister looked down in triumph at the kneeling man. "So you've come to your senses, have you? Ah, I thought you wasn't deceived. Fool, poor pitiful fool! Do you think I meant a word of what I said? The only use I have for a British spy is to hang him like carrion—hang him like the dog that he is——"

But Baumeister's words were suddenly broken off in his throat, for as he knelt Dick was preparing himself for a spring—the spring that only an athlete can take, and a skilled athlete at that, a spring that he might, by a desperate spring, draw himself upwards and onwards to the sill of the window where the exit was. It was a terrible, a desperate, thing to even think of, to attempt, but desperation indeed was then his, and he meant to make the effort.

"Somebody, I don't know who it is," cried Dick in German—it was easy for the man to hear him those few feet up—"an official, I think, wants you downstairs. One of your bosses perhaps. You're to go downstairs at once."

"All right," said the man unsuspectingly, and he sent his cradle to the end and disappeared through the little manhole.

Dick looked down at the street below. The Stadthaus was a tall building; it was a long, long way to fall. But he didn't mean to fall. No, and with God's help he wouldn't.

He thought with a little thrill that he was a Britisher; he wasn't going to be whacked by these Germans. Then he thought of Ellice, and as he thought he poised himself, standing on the edge of the railing. He had to jump outwards and upwards. If only he could reach the next window, he could manage! If only he could get a grip with one hand! There was a balcony railing there the same as there was at this window. If he could only grip that he would be safe. And as he thought again of Ellice he prepared to jump.

The eyes of all below in the street were fixed on other things; it is seldom that people walk with their eyes on the telegraph wires, or even look up, so no one saw that daring, desperate leap.

He took off from the railing with the purchase of his hand at the side of the wall, and with a muttered prayer for help flung himself into space. One hand and one hand only grasped the edge of the railing. It seemed as if it would give way—it quivered and shook—and Dick felt his palm go moist with the perspiration of fear.

There was no doubt about it, he was frightened; he would not have been human if fright had not seized him then. But in the same second his right hand gripped, and he swung for a moment over the yawning street below, panting, breathless. But then the mind, the spirit, reasserted itself, and the next second, with a heave of his strong arms and a wriggle of his body, he was over the balcony and up to the little manhole, had seated himself in the deserted cradle, and had swung himself across to the other side, where the wires finished on a flat roof.

To find his way down to the street from this building was a fairly easy matter, and soon there he stood opposite to the Stadthaus, free.

He looked up with a grin at the window of the room he had just left, wondering whether Baumeister was still in the cupboard and whether the soldiers were still on guard in the passage.

But what was he to do next? He had no money in his pocket. How was he to move on to Berlin? What was he to do in Cologne?

Dick Obtains a "Loan."

Dick looked at himself in a shop window as he walked slowly along the street trying to formulate a plan. The dirt on his face made a certain disguise, but he thought it quite possible that Baumeister would have his features so imprinted on his mind that he would issue a very minute description of him and that he might be captured again.

This was no time to take risks. He must get out of Cologne as soon as possible. But how? He had not a pfennig in his pocket. But for the policeman, for begging means imprisonment, and he was practically begging.

But the pretty song and his nice voice enlisted sympathy, and soon he was the possessor of five pfennigs, and one old lady actually put a mark into his hand and then spoke to him in German.

"Why aren't you fighting, young man?" she asked. "Are you unfit?"

"Yes, lady," answered Dick, "I have a bad heart."

"Oh, have you? We'll soon see about that."

Dick looked round quickly, as he felt a hand catch hold of his arm and saw a policeman standing by.

"There are lots of skulkers about, lady," went on the officer. "I'll see if this chap is speaking the truth. You'll just come along with me to the Stadthaus. They've got a doctor there."

But that didn't suit Dick at all. To go to the Stadthaus would mean instant exposure. But a policeman, and, above all, a German policeman—oh, surely he could be disposed of!

This policeman was fat. This policeman could be got rid of. So Dick only waited his opportunity.

The policeman still held on to his arm, but that was nothing, for Dick knew that he could soon free himself of the grip if he wished. He was only waiting till he saw a convenient little side street or lane, and as soon as they passed one that astonished, fat policeman suddenly experienced a frightful blow just below the last rib of all, entirely depriving him of breath. At the same time a foot was placed between his legs, and he was capsized into a box of eggs outside a grocer's shop, while his captive slipped like an eel down a little side turning.

Dick had put ju-jitsu into force again, and then he had wriggled free, upset the policeman, and now was at liberty once more.

A fat policeman in the middle of a box of eggs is a humorous sight, and before the astonished onlookers had time to finish laughing Dick was beyond their view.

"Steady! steady!" said Dick to himself, when he found that he was not pursued, which fact was not wonderful, for Cologne was busy that day, and all were thinking more of the war than of anything else. The streets were crowded with soldiers and waggons of all kinds, and Dick had escaped before the rather slow-witted onlookers had time even to think of trying to capture him.

"Let's see now. I've got a mark and about five pfennigs," went on Dick to himself. "Well, I'll have something to eat with the mark, and the pfennigs also will be put to a worthy purpose."

After a meal at a rough eating-house, where his dishevelled appearance was not noticed, Dick walked straight into a chemist's, and with one of his remaining coins—he had not spent all the mark and pfennigs—he bought a tiny cone of menthol, that preparation which is so useful in alleviating neuralgia or headache if rubbed on the affected spot.

After this purchase he next made his way to a tobacconist's, where he bought five pfennigs worth of snuff. This, according to the custom in German tobacco shops, was handed to him in a little metal box, not unlike the tin match-boxes which are in use in this country.

Dick's next proceeding was to retire to a quiet shop and with his finger-nail scrape off the menthol cone little tiny shavings, which he thoroughly mixed in with the snuff. Then with the little tin box full of the mixture in his pocket he made his way to the bank which he had looked at so longingly an hour or so before.

"Is the manager in?" he asked in a rough, common German accent, speaking to the clerk at the desk.

"What do you want?" asked the clerk suspiciously, looking at this strange figure of an ill-dressed, unkempt workman leaning over the counter. "What do you want to see the manager for?"

"Hold your tongue. Don't talk so loudly." Dick leant a little closer and spoke below his breath in quite a cultured, aristocratic tone, in great contrast to his rough voice of a second before. "Just let me into the manager's private room. Say that I've come to see to the telephone; say it in a loud voice. I will explain my business to him. There's a big plot on to destroy your bank. Some British spies have arranged to blow up the building in the busiest part of the day, and I know where the wire is. Now don't lose your nerve; don't get frightened. Herr Baumeister is at the Stadthaus, and as long as he's there you're safe. Don't you know him?"

The clerk nodded, for everyone had heard of Herr Baumeister, the Kaiser's trusted agent—the man whose word, especially now in war time, was all-powerful. Yes, he knew of Herr Baumeister; he had heard all about the arrival of the Chief that morning and the arrest of the spy who thought he was so clever.

"Now, do as I tell you quickly," ordered Dick.

A taxi drove rapidly by, and in that moment Dick could have sworn he saw Ellice sitting back in one corner, with white, strained face, and by her side another woman.

And the clerk, with that obedience to commands which is so implanted in the Teutonic mind from early youth, told the clerk next to him to look after his desk for a moment, and then came round behind the counter and showed Dick to the door of the manager's private room at the end of the bank building.

"A man to see to the telephone, sir," announced the clerk, as he had been ordered.

Once he was inside the room Dick repeated his tale to the manager, a stout, elderly, spectacled man.

"The wire's here in this room," said Dick, "though I'm not quite sure where. Maybe its under your very chair."

"What! A wire here in this room! They would blow up the bank! Oh, terrible, terrible!" exclaimed the manager, evidently in a frightful panic.

Dick cast his eyes round the room. He saw, as he had expected, a safe; in that safe doubtless there was money, and it was money that he wanted. And if there was no money in it, well, he must chance his luck with the manager and see what that worthy fat gentleman had on his person. And then he must bolt. Of course, this was theft, but he would make good the loan after the war was over—and Germany had paid back the money she had stolen from Belgium and France.

"No, no, nothing here, nothing under the desk, nothing round the walls," said Dick, going on his hands and knees, feeling the carpet and tapping the floor in a most professional manner. "Now wait a minute! Where does the back of that safe stand? Ah, it goes right up against the wall! They might have done some mischief there. You open the safe, will you? I can soon tell by sounding the back of it if the wall has been tampered with. It's too heavy to move I suppose? Yes, of course!"

The manager quickly produced a key and swung open the safe door, and there, amongst other things such as ledgers and books, arranged tantalisingly before Dick's eyes, were twenty or thirty small bags which evidently contained gold.

"Ah!" he said, drawing himself upright with a breath as if tired, "I shouldn't be surprised if the wire were at the back there. My word, it makes one's back ache stooping!"

And as he spoke, as if to refresh himself, he drew his little tin box from his pocket, put in his finger and thumb and pretended to take a pinch. Then, with the usual courtesy, he offered the box to the manager who, like many Germans, was a snuff lover and took a large pinch.

In a second the manager was sneezing violently, terribly; the tears came into his eyes, not half but quite blinding him. He sneezed, sneezed, sneezed as if he would never stop; with his handkerchief to his face he sneezed till his whole fat body shook in convulsions.

"Ah, ah! a good sneeze is often a good thing," said Dick.

And still the sneezing went on, and so occupied was the manager with himself and his streaming eyes that he did not see Dick quietly and quickly slip his hand into the safe, pocket a bag of gold, and then slam the door to with a bang.

Still the manager sneezed on; it was not until quite a minute and a half had elapsed that the paroxysm died away, for menthol shavings and snuff combined make a most tremendously powerful irritant. Dick had learned this from a lion-tamer who travelled about the country with a troup of performing lions. This menthol and snuff was his simple weapon, kept loose in his waistcoat pocket. Thrown into an animal's eyes it would blind him, causing the most exquisite pain; taken as snuff it would produce intermittent sneezing which would absolutely prevent the sneezer from seeing out of his eyes or being interested in anything else.

"Ach, it was very strong, that snuff of yours," said the manager, sniffing and wiping his eyes. "You found the wire, eh?"

"No, there's nothing there. I'll just have a look outside and come back directly."

And Dick left the bank with a bag containing fifty twenty-mark pieces in his pocket. A twenty-mark piece is worth almost a sovereign, and is just about the same size.

At a second-hand clothes shop he told a similar tale to the one he had told at the bank—secret service, cursed British, he was their track—that was sufficient for the proprietor.

And soon from out this shop Dick walked dressed immaculately in well-cut clothes, smart boots, and hat, stick and gloves complete.

Then into a chemist's again he went where he bought rouge, a hare's foot, and a couple of sticks of grease paints similar to those used by actors. Next he visited a public bath and wash-house where, in a private dressing-room, he parted his still yellow hair at the side instead of in the middle, applied a little rouge to his face, taking away the muddy, sallow complexion, and painted his eyebrows darker. And shortly afterwards, swinging his cane, he set off for the station to see about the next train for Berlin, and inquired for it in a strong American accent.

The Journey to Berlin.

Americans were, and still are, made a fuss of in Germany, for the wily but misguided Kaiser thinks he will be able to enlist their sympathy.

"Did I hear you asking for a train to Berlin, sir? I think I am right in assuming that you are an American?" said a voice at Dick's elbow.

And looking round he saw, above all people, Herr Baumeister! Dick was speaking in American-English; his German was put quite on one side. The German booking clerk understood him perfectly, and now here was Herr Baumeister understanding him too.

"I guess I'd give a good deal to get to that city," said Dick, strongly American in voice. "I'm kind of lost round here. This little old war of yours seems to have put a bit of a boil on in this country."

"If you'll honour me, sir, by taking a seat in my carriage as far as Berlin it will be a great pleasure."

Dick nearly burst out laughing. With his now high-coloured face, his dark eyebrows, his American accent, and his good clothes, Baumeister had not the slightest idea he was talking to the spy who had so discomfitted him, and whom he would gladly have hanged on sight if only he could have found him.

For, discomfited and beaten, Herr Baumeister was returning to Berlin. For once in his life he had been outwitted.

They chatted of many things on the way to Berlin—Baumeister in his almost perfect English, Dick in his strong American voice. Then, just before the train stopped at the platform of one of the principal stations in the big city, Dick wrote something quietly on a slip of paper torn from one of the newspapers that Baumeister had brought into the carriage with him, and before the train had really stopped he opened the carriage door, turning to Herr Baumeister as he did so.

"Many thanks for your hospitality," he said. "I guess it's been a real pleasure to travel with you."

And as he spoke he dropped into Baumeister's soft hat, which was lying crown downwards on the seat, the little slip of paper on which he had been writing. He did this quite unobserved, and then, with a hearty shake of the hand, jumped out of the train, and made his way quickly out of the station, laughing as he went.

"Ah!" he said to himself, drawing a long breath. "I know Berlin as well as I know London, so I'm fairly safe here. And now for the Bundenstrasse first as quickly as possible. My God, if that isn't Ellice! I'll swear it is!"

A taxi drove rapidly by, and in that moment Dick could have sworn he saw Ellice sitting back in one corner, with white, strained face, and by her side another woman. But as he looked, and before he could recover himself, the taxi had gone, was out of sight, though he sprinted after it as hard as he could.

And almost at the same moment Baumeister, after collecting his hand belongings, went to put on his hat, when he saw the piece of paper inside. He took it up, and read the words written in German:—"How did you like the cupboard, old man?"

And when he had read it through twice Baumeister's face flushed purple. He was a sharp, shrewd man, and something seemed to tell him that his travelling companion was the British spy, for that was what Baumeister had made up his mind the escaped soldier really was.

Now that Dick Carrick knows his sweetheart is in Berlin, he is not likely to let the grass grow under his feet before making a desperate effort to find her. But he has to reckon with Herr Baumeister, and that worthy will do his best to get his fingers on "the British spy," who has already escaped him so cleverly. Next week's chapters will give you a real thrill. On no account should you miss them.

GERMANY'S GIGANTIC SIEGE GUN.

Monster Weapon Furnishes Big Surprise in War of Artillery.

IN those days of gigantic guns—for this is a war of artillery—it is almost impossible to imagine that the primitive method of warfare was with javelins and bows and arrows.

The use of firearms in Europe cannot be traced back earlier than the 14th century, at which period gunpowder was first applied for the purposes of war. Known as Greek fire, it had been in use for several centuries previous by the Chinese.

The earliest forms of cannon were constructed of iron bars, arranged in such a manner that their internal aspects should form a tube, the bars being confined by hoops. Others were made of wood or leather, the cavities being lined with iron or copper. These were followed by many other improved forms, such as mortars and petards, finally passing from muzzle to breech-loading, and culminating to-day in Germany's monster howitzer.

The Great Gun.

The German nation has since 1870 been in the forefront in devising weapons of destruction, and their siege gun—the surprise of the war—is the very latest development of the great Krupp staff of inventors.

This amazing 42-centimetre (16.5 in.) howitzer, with carriage and platform, weighs over 80 tons. The immense shell fired by this gun weighs rather more than 6¼ cwts., and carries a charge of high explosives that on striking blasts out a hole as large as a subway excavation.

When a battery of these big howitzers turns loose on a fort it spreads devastation with every shot. When a shell strikes one of the chilled steel turrets or cupolas in which the defenders' guns are protected it dismounts the gun and puts it out of service, incidentally killing most of the gun crew. In spite of inaccuracy in the individual shots, the fire of these guns in a short time reduces a fort to ruins, and makes easy its capture by infantry columns.

Germany has batteries with these guns mounted on flat cars, so that in spite of their weight they can be sent up as close to the front as rail tracks can be laid. They do not have to be right up at the front, as their effective range is 10,000 yards, six miles. Some idea of their weight may be gained from the fact that it takes 29 horses to drag one of these monsters a short distance. It is usually hauled in the rear of the army by traction engines.

Mentioned by thousands, the Krupp mortar is known only by a few. The gun was invented eight years ago, but only those in the confidence of the Krupps know who the inventor is.

Work Eight Years on Invention.

For eight years the Krupps worked at the secret while guarding it with most rigorous precautions. This year they perfected it. This mortar fires the largest and most dangerous projectile ever shot from a weapon. In making it no single workman worked on more than one small piece, and one vital part of the machinery was made in Austria.

What was done at Liege, Namur, Maubeuge, and elsewhere when these guns were brought into action with deadly effect was this—

At some distance from a fort a space was cleared and a concrete mortar set in a concrete bed occupying a circle with a radius of 100 feet. Behind the mortar and outside this circle was a tunnel leading to a subterranean chamber. The great mortar was sighted, the projectile was set in place, and then the gunners retired to their underground chamber. Here they pressed a button and the mighty shot was fired.

The explosion was terrible. Anything within 50 feet of the gun at the time of the explosion would be killed. Even men in the neighbouring armies complained of headaches and toothaches from the jar, and the same complaints were made by the men in the forts where the projectiles exploded.

Projectile Pierces Three Walls.

The projectile pierced through one, two, and three ordinarily impenetrable walls and buried itself in a fourth. Here it lay silent many seconds, then exploded like a volcano, bringing to the ground in ruins every stone which had stood upon another.

A shot fired into the centre of a fort buried itself deep in the ground, and lay there as though gathering strength for its demoniacal eruption. Then, after twenty seconds, it exploded and razed the fort to the ground.

Each shell costs £500 at least. What it contains nobody but the Krupps know. It is brought to the battlefield in pieces and assembled by the highest paid and most trusted of the Krupp engineers. It is aimed and loaded by them, and not one member of the artillery corps in the Kaiser's army has anything to do with it.

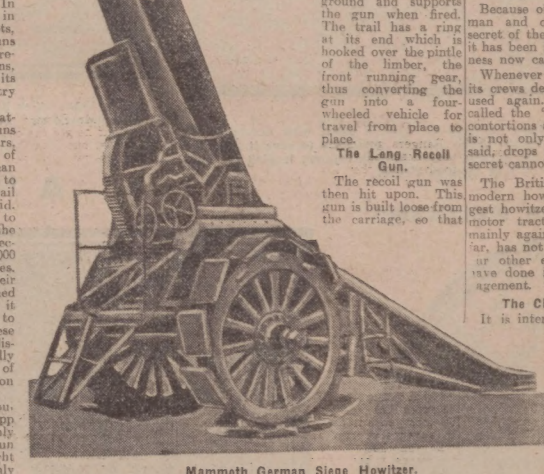
Some confusion exists as to the use of field guns and howitzers. A howitzer is intended for use against an entrenched enemy or against a fort, while the field gun is essentially a man-killing weapon, and is used against infantry.

Evolution of Artillery.

The evolution of the modern gun is interesting. The old muzzle-loaders now used as monuments and relics always exposed the gunners to the enemy's fire. These were succeeded by the breechloaders. The latter was loaded quicker and with less exposure, and improvements in the powder enabled it to fire accurately at ranges of 3000 yards.

This gun, which was built up of concentric cylinders of the finest steel, had one big disadvantage. This was that at every discharge it jumped back two feet or more, and had to be aimed all anew for the next shot. Also, it was fastened to its carriage, so that carriage and all had to be moved for every slight change in aim.

The carriage of a field gun consists essentially of the two wheels that support the gun and the trail, or beam, sticking out to the rear, that rests on the ground and supports the gun when fired. The trail has a ring at its end which is hooked over the pintle of the limber, the front running gear, thus converting the gun into a four-wheeled vehicle for travel from place to place.



Mammoth German Siege Howitzer.

The Long Recoil Gun.

The recoil gun was then hit upon. This gun is built loose from the carriage, so that on firing the gun recoils without dragging the carriage with it. All the nations of the world have now armed their artillery with this long recoil gun. Each country has invented various modifications to improve the service of the gun.

The big improvement of our day is that instead of being made fast to its carriage by the trunnions, that permit only a swinging up or down in elevation, the gun now rests freely in a trough, called the cradle, that guides the gun in its 60-inch recoil. To hold the gun to the guides it has clips near the front end, and at the rear, or breech, it has a lug, to which is attached a buffer to stop the recoil. To bring the gun back from its recoiled position the buffer is surrounded by a long helical spring that is compressed in recoil, and then shoves the gun back into place.

To allow for changes in elevation so as to fire at different ranges the cradle is mounted on trunnions so that the cradle and gun together can be swung up or down, the motion being controlled by an elevating screw.

Reliability in Action.

So reliable is the gun in action that two gunners sit on the carriage on the right and left of the gun during firing. The gun jumps back between them in recoil, and then comes back into place. The gunner on the left watches the aiming point continually through a telescopic sight, and by means of an azimuth screw keeps the gun pointed at the desired target. The gunner on the right handles the elevating screw and raises or lowers the gun to make the shells strike further or shorter, as may be needed.

At the same time the loading has been speeded up by providing the powder and shell in one container, made up just like the ordinary rifle cartridge. The breech of the gun is opened during recoil; a soldier stands ready to shove in a cartridge on return of the gun into battery. Another soldier closes the breech, and the gun is ready for firing. Where the old muzzle-loading gun took minutes for loading, aiming, and firing, the present death-dealing machine can send out its missiles 20 per minute.

So great has been the improvement in artillery fire that the present guns can entirely destroy any body of men that is reached by their fire. Security is obtained only by concealment, hence the necessity for digging into trenches. Even the opposing guns must be concealed behind hills or groves, and are directed on the enemy by being aimed at a given angle with some definite visible object. This requires a special sight and a rapid determination of the necessary angle, making the artillery a very technical branch of the service.

"Shotguns of War."

The French since the time of Napoleon have specialised in artillery, and their guns of to-day, with their handling, form the backbone of the army.

The guns are manufactured in secret, such is the value placed on them. The famous Dreyfus affair of fifteen years ago grew, in part, out of the suspicion that the secret of their manufacture had been sold to Germany.

The shrapnel firing pieces, "shotguns of war," as they might well be called, are made the more effective by a mechanical device which accurately regulates the bursting of the shells. The fact that each of the many bullets is effective enough to kill a man shows the shotgun's destructiveness.

Because of the constant efforts of the German and other Governments to steal the secret of the little non-recoiling machine gun, it has been improved recently, and its deadliness now can only be guessed at.

Whenever abandoned on the field of battle, its crews destroy it, so that it can never be used again. By removing a small key, called the "clavette," made with as many contortions as a Yale lock and key, the piece is not only put out of service, but, it is said, drops apart in such a manner that its secret cannot be solved.

The British Army is well equipped with modern howitzers and field guns. Its biggest howitzer is a seven-inch gun, drawn by motor traction, and intended to be used mainly against fortifications. Therefore, it, so far, has not been much used in the war. But our other smaller howitzers and field guns have done incalculable damage in every engagement.

The Change in Rifle Construction.

It is interesting to note also the changes which have taken place in the construction of small arms. At first there was no lock at all, but the discharge was effected by the application of a lighted match. Then came the match-lock, which put in an appearance in the early part of the 15th century, and remained in use up to the time of William III., when it was discarded by the British Army. The match-lock consisted of a simple contrivance for dashing the lighted end of a piece of rope, soaked in nitre, upon gunpowder contained in a little pan communicating with the charge. The great drawback to it was that the match was liable to be extinguished by rain.

The wheel-lock was the next to appear, and this is supposed to have been invented at Nuremburg in 1817, remaining in use until the time of Charles II. It was, indeed, almost universally used in European armies. It consisted of a small grooved wheel of steel, to the axis of which a chain and strong spring were attached, which was wound up with a spanner. A piece of pyrites was fastened in the cock-head; when the trigger was pulled the wheel became disengaged, and spinning round in contact with the pyrites, the sparks emitted by the friction fired the charge.

Now we come to the flint-lock. This is supposed to be of Spanish origin, and was introduced into the British Army about 1690, remaining in use till about 1820. As in the case of the wheel-lock, the charge was exploded by a spark, but from a flint instead of from pyrites.

Next came the percussion principle. This was invented by the Rev. Mr Forsyth, a Scottish clergyman, in 1770, and adopted after 1820.

This was followed by the Enfield, Martini, Lee-Metford, &c., while new explosives such as lyddite and shrapnel were discovered. The very latest is an explosive which petrifies all who come within its range. What new death-dealers will be in vogue a century after this?

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The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1914.

A REAL THIRST-QUENCHER!

By order of the Belgian military authorities, Alost, a town with nearly 40,000 inhabitants, has been evacuated by the entire civilian population to save it from the fate of Louvain and Termonde. Our picture shows Belgian soldiers feeding the children while waiting for the train to take them to Ghent.

A SAFER LINE THAN THE FIRING LINE.

In France they believe in giving work to prisoners of war. Here are a number of German prisoners under an armed guard employed on light duties on the railway at Chateau Thierry.

BRITISH "BRACELETS,"

The problem of "roping-in" prisoners is one that occasionally presents difficulties to a victorious and advancing army in the field. This is a picture from Malines of captured Uhlans, who, for the time being, have been put in handcuffs.

A "PRISONER" WORTH CAPTURING.

Belgian soldiers near Antwerp making use of one of the famous portable soup kitchens captured from the Germans. This is found to be very useful, especially now that the cold weather has come along. The midday meal is being served.

QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

Queen Elizabeth is beloved of the people of Belgium. In these days of disaster and desolation for her brave little country she has been an inspiration in succouring the wounded and comforting the sorrowing. By the irony of things it is a brother-in-law of the Queen, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who is commanding the German army around Antwerp.

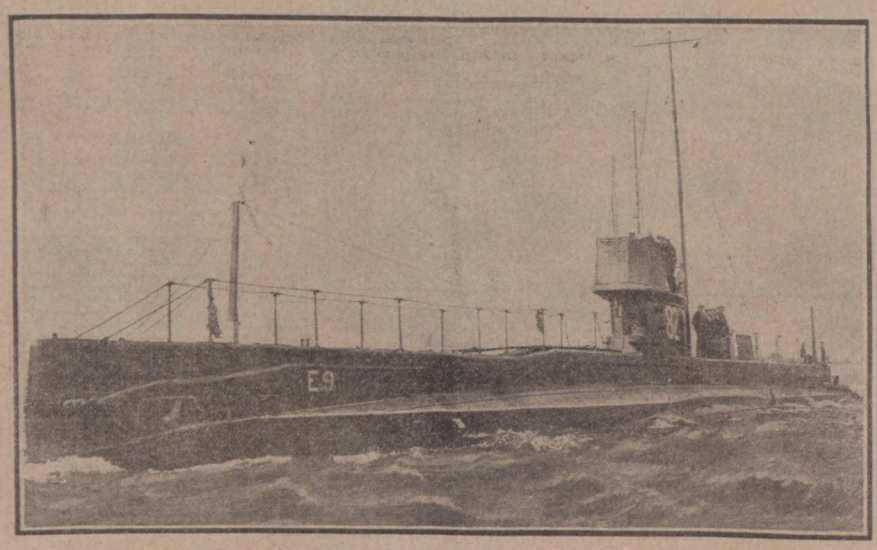
EVERY INCH A KING!

King Albert has endeared himself to the Belgian people by his heroic example in resisting the enemy that sought to trample their independence under foot. The King has himself been repeatedly in the fighting-line, and has proved himself a worthy ruler of a brave people. He succeeded to the throne in December, 1909.

BRITAIN'S CONSUL AT ANTWERP

Sir Cecil Hertslet, the British Consul-General at Antwerp, who ordered all British subjects to leave the town before bombardment began. Sir Cecil has had a long and honourable career in the British Consular service. He has been Consul-General for Belgium since 1903. He is a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society.

ALL HAIL, E9!



To Submarine E9 belongs a double honour. She was the first British vessel of her kind to score a victory with her torpedoes by sinking the German cruiser Hela, on September 13, six miles south of Heligoland. Lieutenant-Commander Max Kennedy Horton, R.N., who commands E9, fired two torpedoes at the German ship, one striking the cruiser's bow and the other striking her amidships. Now comes the welcome news that the intrepid crew of submarine E9 has sunk one of the enemy's destroyers and damaged a second destroyer at the mouth of the Ems.

HERO OF SUBMARINE RAID.

Lieutenant-Commander Horton, of submarine E9, was serving on H.M.S. Duke of Edinburgh when she went to the rescue of the passengers of the Delhi, which stranded off Morocco, with the Princess Royal and the late Duke of Fife on board, on December 13, 1911. He was one of eight officers who received a silver medal for gallantry in life-saving.

"CORN RIGS!"

One of the cleverly-built and cosy little bomb and shell-proof shelters, erected by the Belgian soldiers on the banks of the Scheldt. With the approach of winter these shelters are necessary for the comfort of the troops, and they afford excellent cover.

ANOTHER GRAND PAGE OF PICTURES NEXT WEEK.

A CIGARETTE PHOTO!

This photograph shows a Belgian soldier calmly smoking a cigarette whilst actually in action with a quick-firer across the Scheldt between Termonde and Audogen.

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